GENERAL EDITION

No. 444

FRANKLIN & LINE SC.

The Aurora

Class of

1912

Saginaw High School

Saginaw, - Michigan

J. W. MITCHELL

This Book

is

lovingly and respectfully dedicated

to

J. W. Mitchell

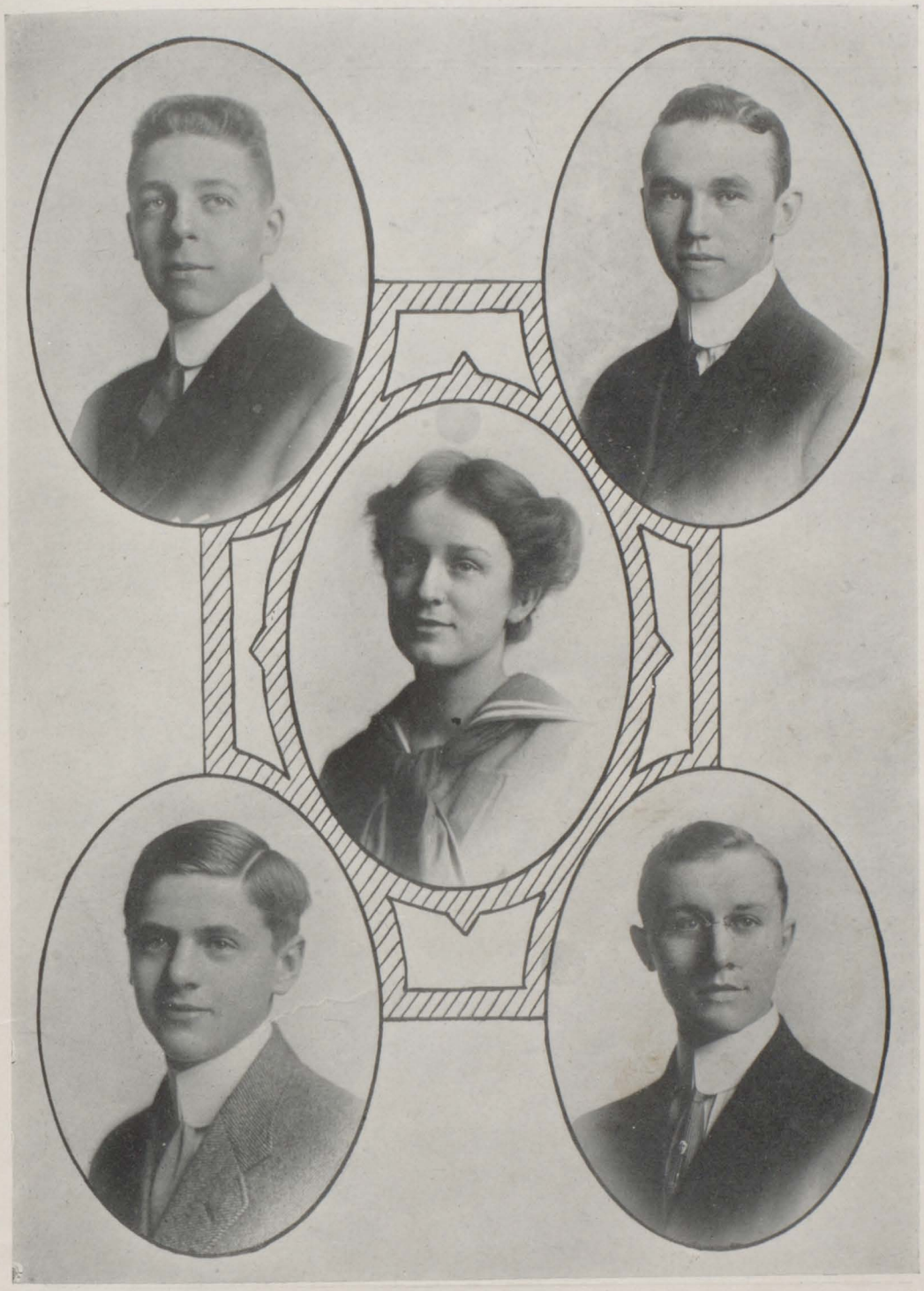
of the

Saginaw High School

Foreword

AN institution which has been recognized as one of the foremost in the country such as the Saginaw High School, necssarily has a "constitution" of precedents by which the students are guided. In accordance with one of these time-honored customs, the Class of 1912 issue the twenty-second annual "Aurora." We do not make it our boast that this is the best that has ever been published, but we have made a few changes which we hope will meet with your approval.

THE EDITORS



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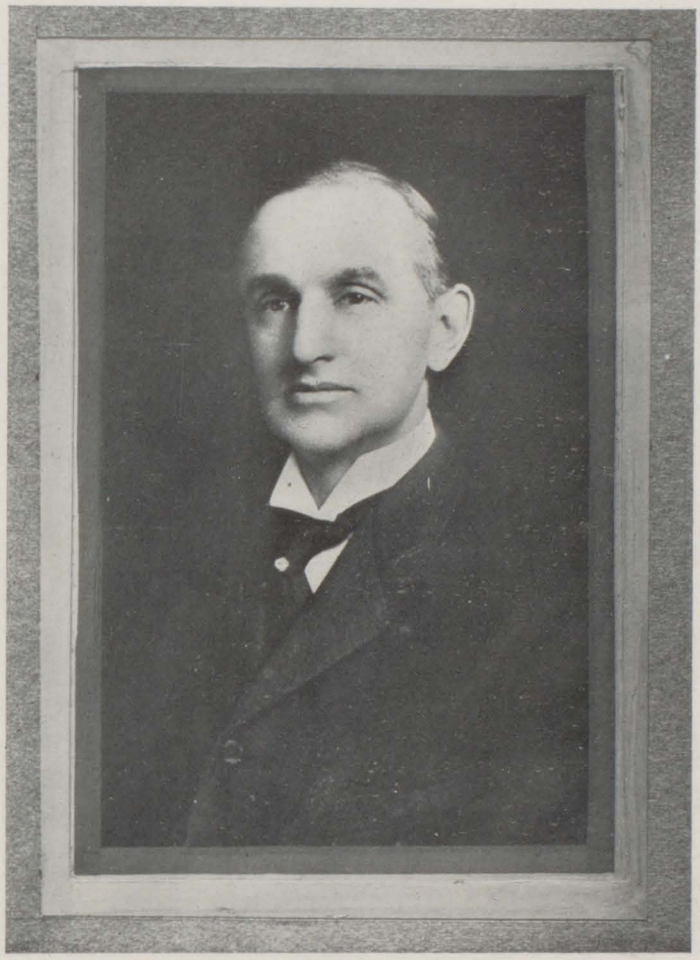
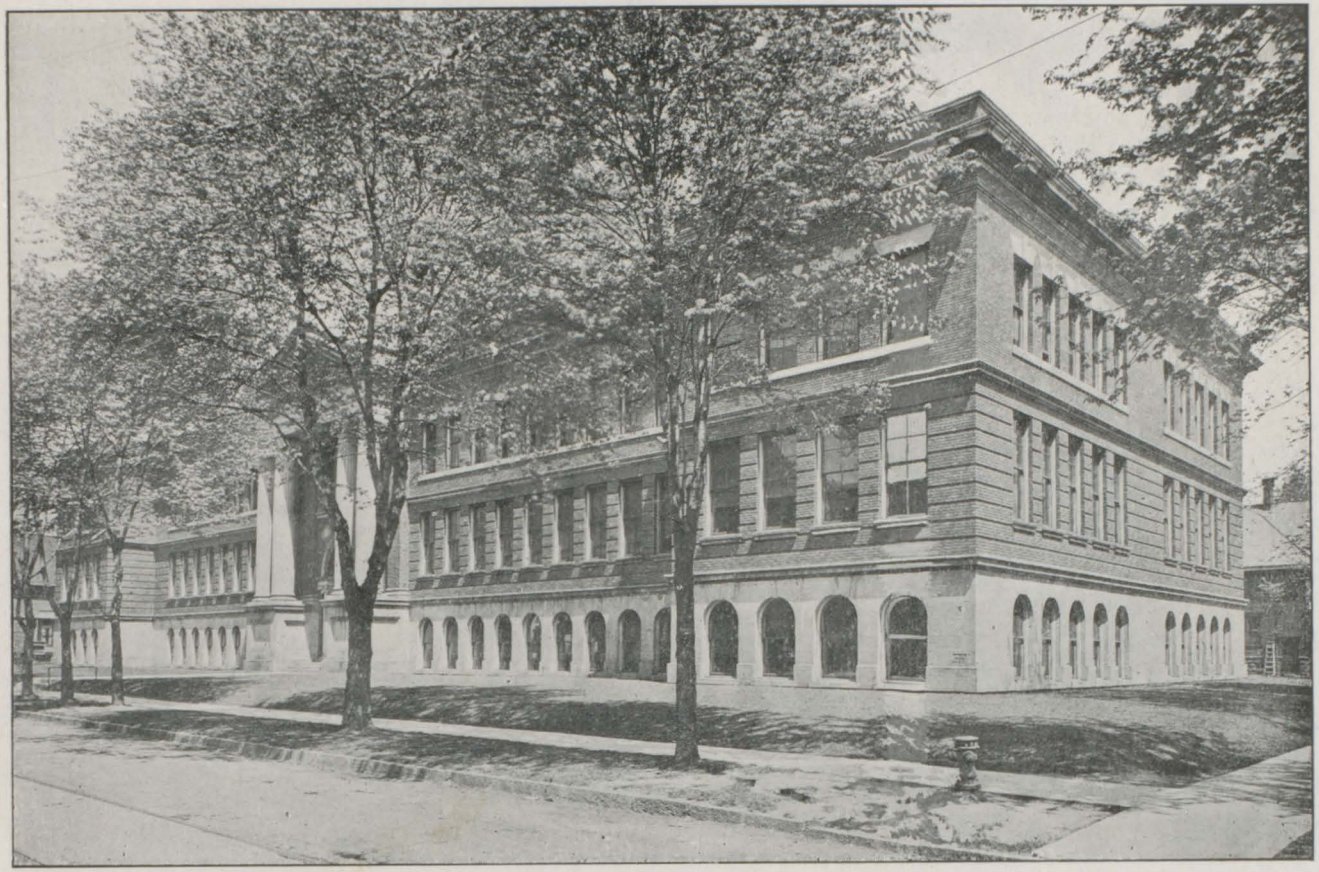


E. C. WARRINER
A man we hold in great esteem.



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W. W. WARNER.....Principal

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S. S. JUDD.....Machine Shop, Director Mechanical Arts Department
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HOYT LIBRARY

The students of the Saginaw High School have passed many a pleasant hour within this inviting place. No one in Saginaw benefits more by this grand institution than the students and we wish to express to Miss Ames and the taxpayers our appreciation.

President's Address

Before the final farewell is said it is the privilege of the President to deliver his last word to the class. We have reached the time when we must part and go our several ways. For many reasons this parting is sad. We have formed friendships with each other which have been nurtured by the close relations of our high school life. We have had guiding hands to canstantly help or constrain us. Now we must part from these influences never again to assemble in unbroken ranks.

It has been happily provided by the beneficent Creator that in each life there shall be pauses and interruptions, points of time when one kind of action ceases and another begins, when friendships of long standing are broken, when we cease to pursue "the even tenor of our way." We have reached the parting of the ways. Yet we dare not be sad. Rather let us be joyful in the future, optimistic over its glorious possibilities, prospects and opportunities.

Commencement is a distinct step in advance in the progress of our lives. Before we go forth to accomplish results we should have a fixed purpose as well as steadfast ideal. First of all, let us be resolved to make good citizens of this grand country. Let us strive to take an active interest in the affairs of our nation. Some in this class will go forth and achieve success and fame. Others will occupy less conspicuous, but surely not less useful positions in the world. Whatever our future position let us be good, upright, true citizens of our country. Let us be honest with ourselves, firm set in the principles of right and determined to live up to the best there is for us. Whatever our station in life may be, let us strive faithfully toward our ideal. Then let each one of us say t o himself,—If I cannot be first, I will be foremost.

As a class, we have maintained a high reputation for establishing good and worthy precedents by which future classes will remember us. Our conferences with our younger brothers, the Freshmen, have shown that the "Iron Brigade" has taken an active interest in helping our

younger friends over the quicksands of their trying first year. Our record in athletics ranks equally high with that of oratory. Our stand for right in this school and our stability on all questions enables us to make the proud boast that our record stands without a blemish.

May we maintain the same high reputation for establishing firmness, broadness and strength of character as individuals that we have as a class. May we be able to make the same proud boast when we are ready to lay down life's burden,—I have done my best and my record stands without a blemish.

What have we gained throughout these four years? Surely it cannot alone be the Latin or German or Sciences, but the assimilation of thse studies, the observations and activities which have helped us form our character. To those who have helped us mold this foundation, the teachers, we cannot express our appreciation. Their only reward can come from a personal satisfaction that their training will be the source whence comes a successful as well as a strong character.

Then let us go forth hopefully and cheerfully, resolved to succeed, and determined to bear our banner as triumphantly in the future as the "Class of 1912" have borne theirs in the past.

WILBER BRUCKER.

SENIOR

WILBER M. BRUCKER

Class of 1912

Colors—Blue and Gold.

Motto: No Excellence without Labor.

OFFICERS

WILBER M. BRUCKER.....President

INEZ E. JONES.....Vice-President

BERNARD FESLER.....Secretary

FLORENCE VEITENGRUBER.....Treasurer

MARGARET F. ALLEN

I find the earth not gray but rosy;
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.

VERA VINA ALLEN

Whom but to see is to admire.

CECIL A. BASKINS

Altho he had much wit
He was very shy of using it.

MAMIE BASTIAN

To those who know thee not, no words
can paint.

KARLA M. BIERLE

Beauty's true companion—modesty.

GEORGE BROCKWAY BLISS

One ear it heard, at the other out it went.

ADELAIDE BRADSHAW

Time shall write no wrinkles on thy brow.

FRANCES NORMA BRADY

A flattering artist who makes it her care
To draw men as they ought to be,
Not as they are.

HUGO E. BRAUN

Oh, you fickle, fickle women!

LUCY PERMELIA BROOKS

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Lucy.

WILBER MARION BRUCKER

The foremost man of all this world I say,
And yet,
Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.

LEONA D. BUCK

Swift as a shadow,
Short as any dream.

WALTER THOMAS BURDICK

He's not merely the chip of the old block,
But the old block himself.

LUCY BURT

With malice toward none.

GILBERT VEYNE CHANDLER

He hath a daily beauty in his life.
He wears the rose of bloom upon his cheeks.

CAROLYN CRAIG

She needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself.

BERTHA MACLISE CRAWFORD

Whose words all ears took captive.

LEON M. CUNNINGHAM

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

EDWARD RILEY DAVIS

Clever men are good, but they are not the best men.

GRACE LOUISE DURYEA

Those about her shall read from her the perfect ways of honor.

ERNEST HENRY ELBERT

Great let me call him, for he towers o'er all.

LAURA FEAHR

If maidens be but young and fair they have the gift to know it.

J. BERNARD FESLER

He makes no friends who never makes a foe.

EDWIN JOHN FETTIG

Beware the fury of a patient man.

MAUDE E. FISCHER

I have no other but a woman's reason; I think time so, because I think time so.

HAROLD BURTREN FORSYTHE

The whole world without art or dress
Would be one great wilderness.

NINA GRACE GEMMILL

To know this maiden right,
You must right well know her.

MARION LOUISE GRANDY

I would applaud thee to the very echo, that should applaud again.

EVA META GROW

Her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace.

LOUISE CLARA HAAS

To be once in doubt is once to be resolved.

FRANK HANNON

Accuse not nature, she hath done her part; do thou thine.

MILDRED ESTHER HARRIS

On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!

RAY J. HEAGANY

His time is forever; everywhere his place.

MAY M. HEBERT

As musical as Orpheus' lute.

ELAINE MARIE HERBERT

My mind to me a kingdom is.

ANNA FRANCES HERRMANN

A peace above all earthly things
A still and quiet conscience is.

MYRTLE EVELYN HINCKLEY

Show me the guy
That would fear to spy
The conquest
Of that dark brown eye.

ROBERT R. HODGES

His life is full of pleasure; void of strife,
And he's a friend of many.

MARGARET FRANCES HOERNER

Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile.

MARGUERETTA C. HUNTER

I've had a good time; life came with rosy cheeks and tender song.

IRMGARD HELEN JAEGER

An abridgement of all that is pleasant in women.

INEZ E. JONES

She is a favorite and a flower,
Most cherished since her coming hour.

ESTHER MARIE KALZOW

We meet thee, like a pleasant thot,
When such are wanted.

ANTON KAUFMANN

For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

MINNA AGNES KAUFMANN

I am as free as Nature's first-made man.

LINUS STEPHEN KEELER

Still waters run deep.

ESTHER MARIE KELLY

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear.

BLANCHE CORA KERNS

I, smiling, touch my books with loving care,
And go into my classes.

ELSIE D. KOCH

I am sure care's an enemy to life.

HERBERT MARTIN LIST

Know you what critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art.

JOHN RUDOLPH LIST

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.

MARY GRACE LOBB

Be to her virtues ever kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

CECELIA MALONEY

Oh, for a seat in some poetic nook.

CHARLES ANGUS McLEOD

How youth doth breed a habit in a man.

EDWARD WHEELER MARTIN

Diamonds! cut diamonds!

ERNESTINE LOUISE MARTINDALE

The swellest thing that ever grew
Beside a human's door.

ERMA MARGARET MICKEY

She was as good as she was fair.

GERTRUDE MUELLER

Somewhere in the world of action,
Is room, there is room for you.

RAY A. NAUER

All the world is a song and a play
To a little child on a summer day.

CLAYTON C. MULHOLLAND

Such joy ambition finds!

GERTRUDE NEWMAN

Hail to the graduating girl;
She's sweeter far than some.

HELEN AMELIA OAKLEY

Blue—deeply, darkly, beautifully blue—her eyes.

RAY C. O'BRIEN

The good die young; here's hoping you may live to a good old age.

HELEN ANNE OPPERMANN

And when you dance,
I wish you a wave of the sea
That you might ne'er do aught but that.

FRANZ S. OTTO

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause of wit in other men.

MARTHA ELIZABETH OTTO

Of manners gentle, of affections mild.

SUSAN LOUISE PARTH

I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face.

CLARA MAUDE PATTERSON

Anything but History,
For History must be false!

MARION LEROY PAYNE

She hath been at a feast of languages.

ANNE LOUISE PEQUIGNOT

Thy eternal summer shall not fade.

RUTH DAVIS PERRY

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

ROY WINFIELD PHOENIX

Men of few words are the best men.

OPHELIA PINKERTON

The highest point of achievement of yesterday is the starting point of today.

EDWIN JOHN PRIESS

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows.

NORMA MARIE RAHAL

True beauty lies in deep retreats.

HAROLD CHRISTIAN REITTER

A bisier man than he there never was,
And yet he seemed bisier than he was.

GLADYS VERA ROESER

Mercy is nobility's true badge.

JOHN HENRY SCHMIDT

Come not within the measure of my wrath.

ESTHER PEARL SCHWARTZ

Angels listen when she speaks.

MARGUERITE J. SHAUGHNESSY

Like — but still how different!

RUTH DOROTHY SHEA

Oh! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
On the contempt and anger of her lips!

AUGUSTA CATHRYN SOMMER

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

ARTHUR MATTHEW SPENCE

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

FRANK CHRISTOPHER SPENCER

Hang sorriw! Care will kill a cat.

JESSIE SOPHIA STACEY

Her fair face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright
And made a sunshine in a shady place.

GERALD I. STANICK

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.

FRANK BRYANT STOCKWELL

And he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all.

JOHN SYMONS

My only books
Are women's looks.

MARIE JEANETTE TIBBITS

I am all the daughters of my father's house.
and all the brothers, too.

ITHAMAR TRACY

He never sheathed his sword for lack of argument.

EDWIN JOHN V. TRINKLEIN

And of his porte as meek as is a mayde.

ALMA HELEN ULRICH

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.

FLORENCE HELEN VEITENGRUBER

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

FRIDA S. VOLZ

Ever fair and ever young.

CLIFFORD VORWERCK

The world knows little of its best men.

EARL WAGNER

He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

WILLIAM HENRY WALLACE

A plague to all cowards, I said.

HELEN ELIZABETH WESTHOFF

And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

MABEL I. WHATLEY

Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

MARJORIE WHYTE

The fairest garland to the sweetest maid.

LOUIS HENRY WIENKE

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip around him at command.

CLARENCE NOBLE WINSTON

I am heir to all ages in the foremost ranks of time.

EDITH LOUISE WREGE

She is just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies.

EDWIN YOUMANS

Thought is deeper than all speech.

CORDULA ANNA ZUEHLKE

Wisdom is better than rubies.

MACIE LOUISE ZWERK

The end crowns all.

Ashley Loton Eastman

Charles Green, 1893 - 1909

Seth Hanks, 1894 - 1910

Valedictorian's Address

Fellow Classmates and Members of the Faculty:

I deem it a great pleasure to have the privilege of speaking to you this morning in behalf of the class of 1912. Four years ago we entered these historic walls imbued with a desire to win all that was worthy of winning. During this time we have struggled to gain that which education brings. There are those of us who when reverses stared us in the face turned about and fled; there are also those who met them but proved too weak and were conquered; and there are those—the present Senior class—who met these difficulties and triumphed over them. Of those three hundred and eighteen who entered then, there remain but these hundred and six—the veterans of the veterans, the iron brigade of Saginaw High.

Entering the battle four years ago we have emerged with colors flying, tried, and true. We are now on the verge of another great battle which will test our courage to the utmost. It is the Battle of Life that we are facing, that great problem of making ourselves worthy of our fellow-beings and of Him who has created us. However, let us enter into the fray as of yore with that high spirit, that firm resolve, that serene courage which has marked our progress through this institution. You, dear classmates, are about to go forth with the full strength of your abilities after spending the period of training in this institution where you have gained that knowledge and that experience with which you must now meet a critical world. Many years of such thorough preparation have you undergone. Many of your former classmates have fallen by the roadside unable to stand the strain, but you, that small remnant of the three hundred and eighteen, have overcome all obstacles and have crossed the goal in safety and in honor. When you entered high school it was to seek knowledge. By having acquired knowledge you hoped to secure success, and by having success you felt certain of eventually securing happiness. This, I am sure, you now possess in a certain degree. You are about to graduate and to

seek other fields of activity. The idea of graduation is too often misconstrued, too often misinterpreted and misunderstood. The graduate is but a beginner in life. He is no more, no less. The question naturally arises then, what is school for? It is to teach you *how* to meet life, *how* to grasp those problems which you may meet, and *how* to make life worth living. It can show you a few examples but it cannot solve those problems for you which present themselves in actual life. Those are for you as an individual to analyze and to solve. All the training which you have had, all the experience and the knowledge that you now possess will fit you for the future. There is a time in each man's life when opportunity bids him enter the ranks of success and whether you heed this or not you alone can tell.

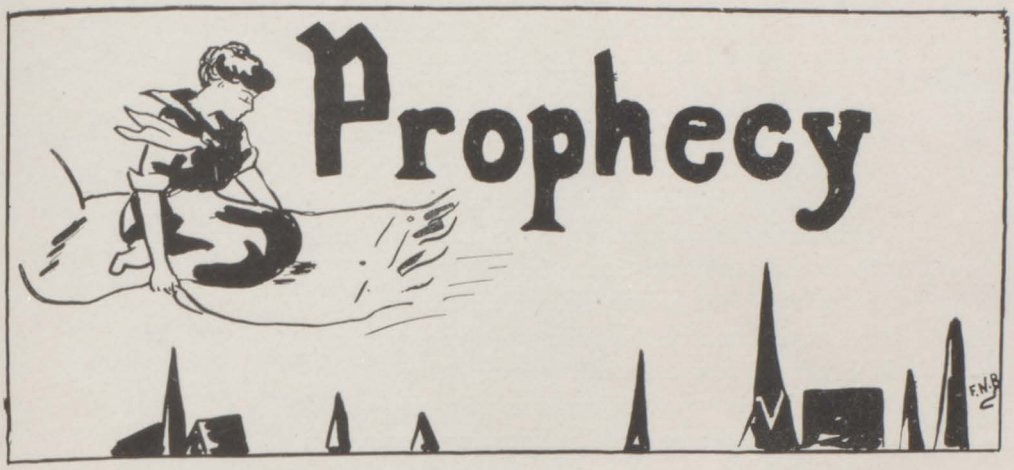
To you, dear teachers, and to you, our beloved Principal, we owe untold gratitude indeed. To you, our entrance into these halls was attended by perhaps no more significance than that of preceding classes. We, however, were optimistic, eager, and anxious to enter this new and larger sphere of activity. With consummate skill you divided us into classes and groups. Tireless you seemed, indeed, for unceasingly you labored in our behalf until we were familiar at last with the new and to us strange customs and regulations. To some it seemed that "heavy was the hand that ruled over us," and they departed to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The Freshmen year quickly rolled away and following the succeeding years. Years of happiness they were, of joy, of friendships made, and ties of love and affection were grown which will cause us to forever remember our dear school. 'Tis true, many and countless were the adversities which confronted us, but with you as the pilot we had no fear and we easily mastered the difficulties in our way. Many were the hours when a fierce desire to leave school almost overwhelmed us. We battled against this lurking foe with the aid of our peerless Principal, who never was too busy or too occupied to listen to our tale of woe and to find a remedy for it. It was this encouragement by him which helped us pass over the rugged rocks and precipitate paths in our quest of knowledge leading to that great world which harbors within its borders men and women of refinement and culture. We realize that your path as instructors is not strewn with roses. Countless, indeed, are the troubles and discouragements which beset you. Nevertheless, from you we have gained much of the knowledge that we now possess. You endeavored to impart to us in the best way that you were capable of that which is essential to our welfare and

prosperity and which will make us more self-reliant than ever as we enter upon our various occupations. I can conceive of no more fitting reward for your labors than our success in life. It is due to your efforts that we have succeeded. It is due to your efforts that our character has been built upon a solid foundation. If in your entire life as a teacher you have chanced to save but one soul from "the primrose path of evil," should you not feel as if you had accomplished something noble, that you have fulfilled your mission in this world? The great majority of us, I am certain, appreciate your efforts in our behalf. Perchance there are a few who have as yet failed to realize that all was intended for their welfare. Yet when they in their old age look back over the flight of years, when they have had experiences of their own, they will acknowledge with gratitude their indebtedness to you. Young America lies in your hands; you have the power to mold and shape it; and whatever success it may attain is but the fruit of your endeavors, the reward of your toil and labor.

To you, Juniors and Seniors-to-be, we have a few parting words to give. When we leave this beloved school, when our guiding hand no more shall lead you, let us exhort you to follow in our footsteps as we have attempted to follow in those of preceding classes. To you, we deliver and hand down the traditions of the school unstained and untarnished as they were delivered to us. Regard them as sacred and punish the ruthless hands which dare disturb these time-honored relics. To you, we further entrust these dear halls which we have come to love as our own, the high standard of scholarship for which Saginaw High is famous, and the athletics of the school. May your cheers bring fear and dismay into the ranks of your enemies and may they inspire your teams on to renewed energy until the banner of Saginaw High flutters in the breeze announcing to the world its victory. Though the task is great yet we have no fear of your ability to assume these duties. We wish you success and prosperity and trust you will be a credit to Saginaw High.

Fellow-classmates, the hour of parting draws nigh. It is for the last time that we sit here as Seniors at the head of the school. We are about to wander out into the wide world searching for that path which will lead us to success. Our race is won and as we depart it is with a fond blessing on our lips for the dear old school that has so safely harbored us these past four years. In behalf of the class of nineteen hundred and twelve, I bid you all a fond and loving farewell.

J. RUDOLPH LIST.



Of a fairy relation who could do the same;
Yet one mystic evening, on June twenty-sixth,
A tap at my window called on me to list,
And as the moonlight its strange glories threw
On the panes of the casement, dreams came anew
As I thought of the promise when ten years did pass
The Little Lame Prince had a strange fairy cloak
Which swept thru the air with a swift magic stroke,
The gift of a fairy to mortals unknown,
Who unveiled her presence to Prince Dolor alone,
And few on this earth the honor can claim
I'd know the future of my High School class.
How to be shown me, I did not then know,
But thru the window a voice whispered low,
"I'm your fairy godmother, calling tonight,
Standing outside in the shim'ring moonlight.
'Tho no cloak I'm bringing to travel afar;
If you'd know the future just stay where you are."

A feeling of anger upon me did steal
For vaguely I wondered what way to reveal
The future I'd promised to each loyal schoolmate
When I had been bidden no journey to take.
Then quick desperation made me cry aloud,

"I wish that this carpet would sail thru a cloud,
And carry me far to the lands of the earth
Where lies the future in all its grave worth."

The words scarcely uttered, the casement flew back,
And a queer little lady in golden and black
Stood in the moonlight, her wand tipped with blue,
Told me in an instant my wish had come true.
"Dear maiden, impatience is sad to behold,"
She quoth quite wisely; the blue changed to gold.
And again stood before me the dear class of '12
Into whose future I soon was to delve.
"Thy wish is granted," the wand swiftly flashed,
And slowly the carpet its fastenings unlashed,
And lightly it rose thru the casement to sail,
While off in the distance the moonlight grew pale
And earth's visions faded, the stars smaller grew,
And the voice whispered softly, "What will you do
With your gifted carpet; where will you go?"
"First to my country, its magic to show."

* * * *

The edges then folded, while swiftly the breeze
Wafted me over the mountains and trees
To where the White House is now known to stand,
Where one day our Wilber, an orator bland,

Hopes to be living, it's quite safe to say,
If his party carries, its Insurgency's day.
Fair Inez Jones translates Milton's sage glories,
And will soon charm the nation with his categories.
Ben Fesler is coaching a bachelors' ball team,
Where they say that the playing is really a scream.
Florence is now treasurer of the Suffragettes' League;
But few are the dues that she's apt to receive.
Bill Wallace has charge of the coming election;
He's counting the ballots from every known section.
The etchings of Ulrich are winning much fame;
As a critic of drama we find Marion Payne.
Edward Martin is running a large southern farm,
But I think that his products the market will harm.

Herbert List is a man of high repute,
In Milwaukee he's got a job to suit,
"Anheuser-Busch" and "Schlitz" to boot.
Margueretta Hunter much success has won
By her wonderful theories on "School Skipping's Fun."
Earl Wagner has written a new dictionary
With thousands of phrases that really are airy.
Frank Spencer's a policeman in Zilwaukee town,
And does up offenders the very best brown.

Robert Hodges has written a stirring new play
Which has as its title, "How Flirting will Pay."
Myrtle Hinkley is known as his leading support;
She's creating a furore in wicked New York.
A retreat for the weary whose brains need a rest
Bears the dignified title of "Quiet Craig Crest,"
Its founder is Carolyn, the place well repays
All of her labors in past High School days.
John Symons writes jokes for the Ladies' Home Journal
Which date their existence to time long eternal.
Cecil Baskins has charge of the football at Yale;
And in winning the victory he's not apt to fail.
Charlie McLeod many lectures is giving
On "How to get on and not work for your living."
As speaker in Congress Clifford Vorwerck is found,
When it's time for his speeches you hear not a sound;
The reason for silence is easy to see,

Because all the members have started to flee.
Judge Braun now enforces the new curfew law,
But for his threats of vengeance we care not a straw.
The Harris Hotel, for old maidens only,
Is a fine place to board if you ever feel lonely.
One of the "hits" in a vaudeville show,
Which in every playhouse is now quite the go,
Are "Four Giggling Girlies," all from this class,
Kerns, Grow and Crawford, and also Miss Haas.
And here as top-liner, I'm given to know,

Heagany's blarney is helping him so;
In High School he didn't just care to act,
But now he's a "seller," that sure is a fact.
Rudolph List is at home in fair Frankenmuth,
Where he has charge of the village poll booth,
To wise Anton Kaufmann, whose tongue ne'er stood still,
Has been given a mission that's right hard to fill,
He's been appointed to try hard to bust
Every firm in this country that's known as a trust.
We wish him good luck in his new field of calling,
But think that his task will prove quite appalling;
For the chewing gum factories owned by Miss Zwerk
Will be quite unwilling to give up their work.

Far off in Harvard, in a professor's chair,
As a doctor of English Walt Burdick is there.
The bravest conductor on the Flint street car line
Is courageous Roy Phoenix, who gets there on time.
Following the races, and losing his bet,
At this sort of business Lin Keeler's a vet.
Edward Davis is running a new barber shop
With a corps of assistants who're known to talk not.
Marion Grandy is known as a charming housewife,
But I hear that her cooking will shorten your life.
Leon Cunningham, in running life's race,
Was awarded the honor of Dave Warfield's place.
'Tho not in the rôle of "The Music Master,"
His title being, "Count Maiden Heart Smasher."
Ed. Priess manufacturers with freedom and ease
Hundreds of locks for the Florida Keys.
Revolts lately ended on Mexico's border
Were crushed by Tracy, with "Robert's Order."
The employment bureau for athletic boys
Is managed by Elberts, who surely enjoys
The honor of having positions to give,
For without this pleasure, how could Ernie live?
A champion gold player, Leona shall hold
Medals of leather, silver and gold.

"To Germany next," I, elated, then cried,
And soon o'er the waters my carpet had hied,
Where that country's navy, surely a fighter,
Is being commanded by Captain Harold Reitter.
The rage of all Berlin, with the greatest success,
Karla Bierle's "Iphigenia" shows her talent the best.
Jaeger and Hoerner fine cookery are teaching,
Their dainties are great till it comes to the eating.
Geometry taught in the Teutonic tongue
By bright Gladys Roeser this work is now done.
The largest factory where sugar is made,
Managed by Winston, puts all in the shade;
No other person with him dare compete,
For success in this business he cannot be beat.

Minna Kaufmann's a palmist who fortunes can tell,
But I'm really uncertain if she predicts well.
A new magazine that is worth quite a bit
Is now being published by lucky John Schmidt;
The name of this wonder is, "How to Keep Young,"
And all thru the country its praises are sung.
Elsie Koch is now teaching a deaf and dumb school
Where to talk is considered as breaking the rule.
Mueller and Volz in the Hartz mountains dwell,
Raising canaries their incomes to swell.

Ed. Trienklein is known as instructor in dancing,
And I hear that his methods are really entrancing.

The cliffs of fair England, so shining and white,
Were the next on my travels that came into sight.
Here Bondy Bliss perfected a magic invention
Which has a name that I really can't mention,
It's positively known excuses to make
Every time that a pupil is absent or late.
Clay Mulholland now argues with Britain's new king
In the hopes that the "Home Rule" to Ireland he'll bring.
The Patterson History is granted to sell,
It shows all the conflicts that England did quell.
Jessie Stacey has journeyed to Scotland's fair heather,

Where all its clans she is bringing together,
Reviving traditions of the olden days
Before the union with England's strange ways.
A new kind of circus, invented by Spence,
Is placing all others, I hear, on the fence.
No captive creatures in this show are known,
But these parts are taken by mortals alone.
Stanick's a clown that can make people laugh,
And Youmans parades as a towering giraffe.
Frank Stockwell good manners on this island teaches,
Which put you at ease with society's speeches.
Thru Erin's soft breezes a new airship line
Is being constructed by Raymond O'Brien.
Here lives Esther Kelly in spinster's style,
But she hopes to be wedded in a little while.
In Italy's fair villas Harold Forsythe's violin
By sweet serenades tries fair ladies to win;
Some of his ballads Miss Westhoff has written,
But to these deep raptures no one will listen.
Ruth Perry writes poems on the joys of Caesar,
But can't scan her verses, and this does not please her.
The new Russian ballet which plays for the Czar
Claims Helen Oppermann as its leading star.
The Wienke track team in the land of the Poles
Would be a success if they didn't catch colds;
When they run o'er the snow their faces turn blue,
And this kind of sprinitng, of course, will not do.
In this land of her birth, winsome Ruth Shea
Holds high honors for playing bridge whist a new way.
On far Greece's shores, in its channels of art,
We find many statues, the work of Sue Parth.
The Pinkerton agency of detective forces
Has stretched to Arabia its magic courses.
A new dime museum on Africa's shores

Erected by Oakley, the world's treasures stores
In vaults that are guarded by Tibbits and Wrege
Who all intruders are apt to besiege.
Kalzow and Herman own a submarine
Which runs 'neath the waters of all seas serene.
'Neath France's blue skies lives Grace Duryea
Who writes new French novels her room rent to pay.
Here running the Grand Trunk, Engineer Nauer
Is breaking all records at six miles per hour.
And fair Frances Brady who stands quite alone
For escaping trouble when her pranks were shown,
Now runs an office, which has for a sign,
"Miss Brady's Methods will Work Every Time."
Hats that are ne'er known to obstruct your view
If in the opera one gets by you,
Are here sold quite widely by Whatley and Whyte
Who made half a million at this new delight.
As a picture show model Franz Otto does pose,
And queer are the antics his pictures disclose.
The Rahal Beauty Parlors and Hair Dressing Hall
Are places of interest which satisfy all.
And as for Elaine, of the lovable mind,
So varied her interests, its quite hard to find
A map of her future, but something says low,
"All is successful where'er she shall go."
As a preacher in Siam Veyne Chandler is trying
To earn enough pennies to keep him from dying.
Over in Belgium, Frank Hannon I see
Was rather puzzled on what just to be,
First he invented a way to remember
That High School would open in balmy September,
For, as a student, he so loved to be going
That he believed that all pupils his interest were showing;
But this proved a failure, so he opened then

A bureau of marriage, where, for dollars ten,
One was rewarded with husband or wife
And granted to get on without any strife;
But now he is found in the rising young clergy,
And really decided without any urging.
Maude Fischer revived the old-fashioned hoop skirt
So we board the street cars without getting hurt.
Laura Feahr has produced, after long hours of strain,
Umbrellas which walk by themselves in the rain
To the place where you're staying, you cannot get wet,
And for this new blessing we're all thankful yet.
Of course, when the suffragettes their power unfold
They'll work many wonders which cannot be told.
Remaking China on the "Women's Vote" plan
Demure Lucy Brooks has now quailed every man.
Miss Gemmill's assistance, which sure is surprising,
Shows that the nation need fear no uprising.
Grace Lobb used a system of signalling Mars,
For 'tis suffragettes only who talk to the stars,
And they now are campaigning on Venus' heights,
With Shaughnessy carrying the banner of rights.
Vera Allen a lawyeress, her clients oft end
By going to prison their last days to spend;
The jury which sends them, with Bradshaw as judge,
Is composed of young ladies whose minds will not budge;
It has as its members Margaret Allen, I hear,
And also Gert Newman, whose verdicts men fear.
Miss Pequignot's clerk, and Miss Schwartz calls the cases;
This jury is surely the wonder of races.
And now as the mayor of poor ancient Bay City
Miss Martindale shows to her subjects no pity.
We now have a market in dear Saginaw
Which really displays to the buyer no flaw,
Miss Burt is the owner, we must not forget

That we owe all these wonders to the suffragette.
Paste diamonds for Leap Year Ed. Fettig shall make,
Which cheapen expenses when engagements break.
Misses Mickey and Bastian now chaperone dances
Where young ladies are given the very best chances.
The children of Hamlin who were led away
By the strains of a piper one summer day
Are once more seen playing on the village green,

For Mae Herbert's warbling wrought this change supreme.
I had gazed in the future thru Fate's magic glass,
Saw all that she promised to each lad and lass,
And lightly my carpet dipped down thru the air
Where godmother waited my story to share.
And I whispered softly, "It surely is true,
I am pleased with the future," dear classmates, are you?

CECILIA MALONEY.

Class History

Winter is a long, dreary and commonplace time—just so was our Freshman year, seemingly without an end. There was no cessation from the weary tasks we had undertaken so blythly and eagerly. Some of us were filled with the proverbial "freshness" belonging to Freshmen and were startlingly green and verdant. But the most of us were heavily oppressed by a sense of our unfitness, by the power of the Sophs, the brilliancy of the Juniors and the all-embracing knokledge of the Seniors.

It was not until the beginning of the second semester that our power of action which had long lain dormant aroused itself sufficiently and we elected our officers who were as follows:

President—Ray Heagany.
Vice-President—Lucy Brooks.
Secretary—Clarence Henning.
Treasurer—Mildred Harris.

Our colors were chosen to be the glorious gold and dark blue. After that we lapsed into our former lethargy until the end of the year when we again bestirred ourselves and presented the school with a picture of one of the greatest statesmen of our country, Abraham Lincoln whose centenary was celebrated that year. This picture now hangs on the manual training building commemorating the close of our Freshman year which like his life had been so full of trials and tribulations.

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After a long, dull, cheerless winter comes spring, the awakening time when blossoms burst forth in a day and birds fly north from their winter homes. So from our dull inactivity and stupid lethargy as Freshmen, we awoke in the mellow sunlight of our Sophomore year.

Our contact with the upper classmen during the past year had

RAY HEAGANY

hastened our intellectual as well as social development. Following their example we held a class meeting, earlier in the year than before, with this result;

President—George Bliss.
Vice-President—Karla Bierle.
Secretary—Walter Spouse.
Treasurer—Elaine Herbert.

Having accomplished the organization of the class, our promise of later activity was shown in our Sophomore spread. At first we had been represented in the parties given by the upper classmen by only a few delegates but the number of these had been increasing continually.

GEORGE BLISS

Although the very idea of mere Sophomores giving a party was ridiculed, we had our most delightful spread and established a precedent which the succeeding classes have joyfully followed.

* * * * * *

Summer, with its glories of blossoms and wealth of ripening fruits is a joyous time.In many respects our Junior year was like the brilliancy of summer. We have passed through the season of budding and we're in full bloom.

Early in the fall a class meeting was called at which the following officers were elected;

J. RUDOLPH LIST

President—Rudolph List.
Vice-President—Leona Buck.
Secretary—Hugo Braun.
Treasurer— Augusta Sommer.

In the early part of December the Junior appointments were announced. Owing to our enforced six weeks vacation in the fall, it was thought advisable to have no Junior Ex., as had been the custom. Consequently the ten appointees were relieved of their arduous duties connected with this event. Although there was no public exhibition of the ability of the appointees, the class as a whole was as proud of them as any previous had been.

WILBER M. BRUCKER

Following the time-honored custom of other classes we gave our Junior Hop, which surpassed all preceding efforts of its kind in every respect. The Friday before the Christmas vacation was the day honored by our choice.

As a result of this momentous event our spirits were very high but our treasury, greatly depleted. In order to improve our financial condition, preparations were made for the Junior Minstrel Show which was given at the Germania in May. This was a unique affair and was presented before a large and enthusiastic audience.

As the end of the school year drew near our social activities increased greatly. The usual custom of entertaining the Seniors was remembered and it was decided to give a dancing party and dinner at Riverside which proved most delightful to all. When the Seniors were

set adrift at graduation we were given tickets to se the impressive ceremony. Thus the year ended and although it was fllled to overflowing with many enjoyable occasions, every one looked forward to the coming of autumn and our glorious career as Seniors.

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Autumn, the most wonderful, productive, golden season of the year, follows closely after joyous summer. Now is the harvest time when the fruits of the spring and summer are gathered and the sower of the seed reaps his reward. In our senior year we gathered the harvest of our monotonous study and unceasing work. We were regarded with awe and curiosity by the Freshmen and Sophs. who wondered greatly as we had done, whether they would ever attain the high and honorable position of dignity and respect accorded the sober Senors. We had worked and waited patiently and now we were at the zenith of our career.

Early in our Senior year, under the guidance of our beloved principal, Mr. W. W. Warner, we established a precedent—our chief aim as a class—which we hope will be followed by succeeding classes. This was the Senior-Freshmen conferences, at the first of which each Senior met three or four Freshmen. These were our proteges for the year and it was our duty to cheer them up after the first six weeks' marks—that most discouraging period of the whole four years—and to help them in every possible way. As soon as possible we held a class meeting and elected the following officers:

President—Wilber Brucker.
Vice-President—Inez Jones.
Secretary—Ben Fesler.
Treasurer—Florence Veitengruber.

At the beginning of our social career we gave a Senior dance which was a great success from a financial standpoint.

Early in the second semester a committee was appointed to select a play and its cast. "A Count of No Account," from the skillful pen of our honored classmate, Leon Cunningham, was selected.

This is a brief account of our career as Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. We shall always look back with tender memories to these four years spent in dear old Saginaw High.

ELAINE M. HERBERT.

CLASS WILL

The last sad rites and ceremonies in honor of the deceased class of 1912 had been duly performed and now the appointed hour for reading that sacred document, its will, had arrived. The various members of the family were striving to suppress their restless anxiety and eagerness, when the sonorous clang of the large brass knocker announced that austere personage, whose duty it was to make known to them their share in the estate of the deceased class. As soon as the lawyer was seated in the drawing-room, each member of the family slowly filed in. First came the faculty, with stately mien and downcast eyes, perhaps wondering what their fond protégé had bequeathed to them. Then entered the haughty Juniors, eagerly hoping to receive more than their share. The Sophomores now followed with sad and tear-stained eyes, bespeaking the grief they sincerely felt over the departure of their indulgent brothers and sisters. The young and innocent looking Freshmen came in last, filled with curiosity and unable to comprehend the meaning of this solemn assemblage. After all were seated a hushed silence fell over the company, while the impressiveness of the occasion so over-powered the mind of the lawyer that, for a moment, he was unable to proceed. At length, having regained his composure, he solemnly produced the document and, with a firm and steady hand, broke the seal. Slowly unfolding it, he glanced for a moment over the eager and tear-stained faces, then, having cleared his throat, he began:

"Hearken ye, one and all, to the last will and testament of the class of 1912. 'We, the Class of 1912, of the Saginaw High School, of the City of Saginaw, of the County of Saginaw, of the State of Michigan, being aware of the uncertainty of life and of failing mind, being now of sound mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us, in the manner following, to wit:

FIRST: We direct and declare that after our exit from this world of learning, our funeral services be conducted in a proper manner,

honoring and befitting our high scholarship and the esteem in which our class is held.

SECOND: We direct and declare that all our just debts be paid in full.

THIRD: We give, devote, and bequeath our lawful property, of which we now stand in full possession, in the manner following, to wit:

Item First: We give, devote, and bequeath unto the faculty of said school the following, viz:

First: Our profoundest thanks for their earnest efforts in our behalf, and for all benefits received thru their untiring labors.

Second: Our humblest prayer that all our past sins be forgiven and forever blotted from their memonry.

Third: A careful watch over the streets of our "School City." This is a great responsibility and is given them only after due thought and consideration. The section lying near the senior session room is one to be well guarded, as many "citizens" are fond of using this byway as a place of rendezvous. This, however, must be prevented, as it leads to great congestion therein.

Fourth: All the P's and W's which we have received during our sojourn in the Temple of Knowledge, that they may be enjoyed by future generations. May they be used sparingly, however, as they are few and far between.

Note.—It has been suggested that other marks, such as E and G be considered under the above, but as there is so large a majority of these that we fear they would prove cumbersome to the honorable faculty.

Item Second: We give, devote, and bequeath unto the student body of said School the untold pleasure of semester examinations, of which we had been deprived with the exception of this year.

Item Third: We give, devote, and bequeath unto the person possessing the most agility and cunning, our Class Banner.

Item Fourth: We give, devote, and bequeath unto the Juniors, Class of 1913, the following, viz:

First: All our "forlorn and shipwrecked" brothers and sisters who have "fallen by the wayside," to be treated carefully that they may be enabled within another year to reach that long desired goal.

Second: The worthy dignity which we have so fitly carried during this our last year in this beloved institution of learning. (It is with sorrowful hearts and heaving breasts that we shall part from it.)

Third: Our ribbon-bedecked horn; and may it toot them on to final victory as it has ever done for their countless predecessors.

Fourth: The dear old session room, a witness of many scenes. May they appreciate and joyfully welcome their entrance into this their last home; and after it has sheltered them, and patiently listened to their broils, may its old portal be fondly, yet sadly, left by them as they pass on to fulfil individually their mission in the great world which we are about to enter.

Fifth: The profound responsibility of publishing an "Aurora," as to surpass that of 1912, but that will be perfectly evident to all.

Item Fifth: We give, devote, and bequeath unto the Sophomores, Class of 1914, and all succeeding Sophomore classes of said School, the "Sophomore Spread," your début into society. Please remember that we were the originators of that pleasing tradition, and do not fail loyally to perpetuate it.

Item Sixth: We give, devote, and bequeath unto the Freshmen, Class of 1915, and all succeeding Freshmen classes of said School, the Senior-Freshmen conferences. May these prove to be helpful and comforting to them as they meet their many discouragements.

Item Seventh: We do hereby nominate and appoint our beloved principal, who, with a cheery smile, encouraging words and wise and ever-ready counsel, has so diligently piloted our wandering bark thru the great sea of knowledge, as sole executor of this our last will and testament, whose duty it shall be to advise with our younger brothers and sisters in regard to the duties herein imposed upon them and help them that they may keep their erring footsteps in the "straight and narrow way;" also, to see that this, our last will and testament, be properly carried into effect.

The above instrument was signed, sealed, published, and declared by said class of 1912, as their last will and testament in the presence

of us, who have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses at the request of and in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other.

Dated on this fifteenth day of March, nineteen hundred twelve.

(Signed)

CLASS OF 1912."

RUTH PERRY,

WILBER BRUCKER,

Witnesses.

As the voice of the speaker died away a restless stir was made by the younger members of the family, who were too young to understand fully the meaning of the lawyer's words. The others, however, with perhaps the exception of the greedy Juniors, murmured their satisfaction and approval as they slowly left the room.

SCENE FROM "A COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT"

Class Play

To chronicle the attempts of our class behind the footlights is indeed a pleasure. Great in athletics, renowned in journalism, and distinguished in oratory, are some of the most important features of the class of 1912, but our most successful accomplishment has been our plays.

On the evening of May 12, 1911, we first presented ourselves before the public and our fellow-students. Our entertainment took the form of a minstrel show, but because we chose to act in disguise, do not think for an instant that we were not confident in what we had to offer. For weeks we had tried to get "our line." Things did not look propitious and it was less than a week before our night that we really got started. Then we did buckle down to work. Every night found our representatives faithfully repeating their "jokes" and singing their songs. At last "it" came. Much was the excitement behind the curtain as the crowd began to assemble. Finally the curtain rose and the "darkies" faced a large, expectant audience. The opening chorus was really wonderful. The costumes and stage setting were indeed artistic. The solo work that evening could not have been better. Earl Wagner, hitherto an unseen light in the musical world, made a splendid success of "Firelight Faces," a really pathetic piece, being the plaint of an absent lover. A song and dance was exceedingly well done by Harold Forsyth, accompanied by the end men. Clifford Vorwerck showed up very well in singing "Tell Me will my Dreams Come True." But the real hit of the whole program was made by Mildred Harris and Leon Cunningham in a song and dance. They were accompanied by about a dozen of our numerous pretty girl classmates and all did splendidly. The end men were Harold Forsyth, F. Otto, L. Merrill and Fred Gallagher, with Ithamar Tracy as interlocutor. The names of the chorus are, Messrs. H. Braun, Chandler, Cunningham, Forsyth, Gallagher, Lee, List, Lum, Merrill, Ostler, Otto, Spence, Tracy, Vorwerck, Wagner, and Winston. Also Misses Beierle, Fischer, Grandy, Harris, Herbert, Hunter, Jones,

Koch, Oppermann, Payne, Perry, Shea, Westhoff, Whatley, and Zwerk. Financially, socially, and in every respect the entertainment was a huge success and gave promise of an even more successful Senior play.

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In entering upon a resumé of our Senior Play the writer is reminded of the following quotation from Shakespeare:

"If it is true that good wine needs no brush,
Then 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue."

Truly it was a wonderful production, in fact, our Senior Play was unique for this reason, that the author of the entire play was one of our own classmates, Leon Cunningham. The writer recalls but one instance where such has happened before, and therefore we, as a class, should fully appreciate the distinction this one thing will give us. "The Count of No Account" was an exceedingly clever farce having to do with mistaken identities and the episodes befalling two young couples.

The action of the play takes place in New York. Edith Harrison is an orphan living with her Aunt Caroline Harrison, an ardent suffragist. Aunt Caroline is attended by Mary, whose uncouth manners are most amusing and at times embarrassing. Edith is engaged to Harry Haddon, a very jealous lover. Unexpectedly, the Harrison apartment is made a visit by Mr. Montgomery, Edith's uncle. He is in search of any information as to the whereabouts of his wayward son Jack, a young spendthrift, spoiled by a too plentiful supply of spending money. Aunt Caroline, true to her suffragette principles, immediately gives Mr. Montgomery her opinion of Jack's home training and voices her opinions and ideas as to how young men should be brought up. They are interrupted by the arrival of Count Valiere, a proud Frenchman whom Aunt Caroline has hired to give daily instruction in French to Edith, much to her dislike and disgust. Being left alone, the Count hurries through the lesson and departs. Hardly had he left when shots are heard from the street below and almost immediately afterward the window to the fire-escape is thrown open and Jack Montgomery jumps into the room. Naturally this sudden meeting dazes both Edith and Jack and he hurriedly explains that a gambling house in which he had

been playing had just been raided and he wanted some place to hide. Just then someone is heard approaching and shoving Jack behind a screen, Edith is left to entertain a robust policeman who, quite proud of his shining badge, struts in boldly and confidently, making the assertion that he had seen "his man" come in that very room, in fact he "could tell 'im by the red tie 'e wore." After a minute of unrewarded search he leaves, firmly convinced that he has done his "dooty" as an officer of the law. Thinking her room a safer place to hide than the screen, Edith sends Jack in there to await a chance to escape. While Edith is wondering how to get Jack away from there another vexing situation created itself. Harry had taken a notion to come up that night and to surprise Edith he had climbed the fire-escape and now innocently entered. Edith was now surely taken back, but when she gave a more decided look at Harry she was horror-stricken. Where had he got that tie? It was red, flashing red. What could she do? The house was now surrounded by policemen. She simply must lodge him that night, but how could she? While she was thinking, Harry had discovered the hat left by Jack on the desk. Instantly his jealous passions were aroused, and upon being told it was the Count's he was even more inflamed and vowed he would have vengeance at the first opportunity. Edith had concluded that both Harry and Jack would have to remain there over night and hearing someone in the other room Edith demands Harry's purse and obtaining it she leads the wondering Harry behind the screen telling him that that was to be his bed for the night. Just then Mary enters with Elizabeth Werner a very dear friend of Edith's. Seeing that she is to have yet another one to lodge for the night Edith gives Mary all of Harry's money on the one condition that she will go any place, just so that she will not stay there. Mary dumbfounded at such an outburst of generosity goes and Edith and Elizabeth are left clasped in each others arms.

The next scene is the apartment the morning after. Mary is seen on the Davenport, talking incoherently in her sleep. Suddenly a deep soul-satisfying snore is heard in the direction of the screen, and Mary startles and makes a hurried rush to the door and then out. A commo-

SCENE FROM "A COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT"

tion is now heard from behind the screen and soon Harry is seen painfully crawling out of his "bed," stiff, lame, sore, tired, aching all over, and hungry. He staggers to his feet muttering something about what ought to be done with people who talk in their sleep. After several comments upon the situation he replaces the rug that had served as his mattress and puts on his rumpled coat, wondering what he will do next. At this juncture Mary walks in with a tray of toast, coffee and rolls for Aunt Caroline. To see from over the top of the screen such appetizing things pass "before his very nose" so to speak only aggravates his hunger, and when Mary lays the tray on the desk while she goes to view the slumbering policemen without, Harry takes his chance and grabs what he can. Upon the discovery of the disappearance of Aunt Caroline's breakfast, Mary leaves quite bewildered indeed. After this incident, Edith comes to see how Harry rested and is exhorted by Harry to bring him some breakfast as he is almost starved. She goes out and returns with a doughnut and an onion, only to encounter Aunt Caroline and Elizabeth. Taking a desperate chance at discovery she throws Harry's "breakfast" over the screen. In about a minute unmistakable odors of onions began to float about the room, which drive both Aunt Caroline and Elizabeth out of the room. Edith now sent Harry into her room as the screen was getting to be a rather unsafe hiding place. Hardly had he left when Jack disgustedly enters, stating in very decided terms that he would not stay in that stuffy room of Mary's another minute. They discuss plans of escape, when Count Valiere's ring is heard. Jack gets an inspiration, and running behind the screen waits for the Count, who now comes in. As the Count is removing his hat and gloves, Jack leaps behind him and orders him to take off his coat and tie, after which he gags and binds him, throwing him, none too lightly for French nobility, behind the screen. Now to get away. He quickly puts on the Count's coat and tie, thinking to get away before anyone interrupts them, but trouble is ahead. Elizabeth and Aunt Caroline return at this unpropitious moment and Jack sees that it is up to him to play the "Count." Quite amusing are his feigned French manners and conversation and Aunt Caroline is getting sus-

picious, when Edith at last succeeds in getting her to leave the room with her, thus leaving Elizabeth and Jack alone. What an opportunity, thinks Jack, and he succeeds in getting Elizabeth to consent to an attempt to elope. Elizabeth writes the following note and places it on the desk: "Have eloped with the Count. Will explain all at 55, 101st street. Yours, E." They then hurry away. The Count by this time has succeeded in freeing himself, and his wounded dignity bursts forth in an unrelenting tirade against the treatment accorded him. But his greatest concern is the recovery of his coat. "Zie coat! Zie papers! My coat; I want zie coat." He leaves, and Harry returns, and upon seeing the note upon the desk he reads it. He immediately takes the signature "E." to stand for Edith and to think that she has eloped with that hateful Count is almost too much. So grabbing his hat he departs for 55, 101st street. After he had gone, Aunt Caroline comes in with Mr. Montgomery, who informs her that Count Valiere had been arrested. [He had Jack's red tie on, which accounts for his detention by the police.] The news of such degrading misfortune coming to her beloved and admired Count completely overcomes Aunt Caroline and she falls, dazed, upon the Davenport.

The curtain for the third act rises on apartment 20 at 55, 101st street. The janitor, "born for a gentleman," and very sick of his job, discovers, as he pulls a trunk into Jack's room, the house jacket of young Montgomery on a settee in the corner. Thinking that this is a good opportunity to test the first sensation of a "gintleman's" life, he tries it on. It is a perfect fit, and before he can remove it, Edith's maid, Mary, enters. Mary had never seen Jack, therefore what other conclusion could she draw than that this likely "feller" in such a swell house-jacket should be Montgomery himself. The janitor also saw the world in the same way Mary did, so it was but natural that he should have the most profound respect for her when she informs him that her "paw" has a two hundred acre farm in Vermont. Mary's aristocratic mind could never consent to a plain marriage so they plan to "e-lope." They finally decide on the plan that the bride should be at the elevator in about half an hour and there meet the groom. They then happily with-

draw from the room anticipating a most glorious future. Next the Count appears, precisely as he left the Harrison apartments, but heated to an anxiety amounting to almost frenzy about his coat and those "valuable papers." Purely by chance, Harry, swearing his vengeance on the luckless, innocent Count, comes in armed to the teeth with swords, daggers, and revolvers. Harry proposes a duel right there and then to the scared and speechless Count, and both rave up and down the room, the one bent on satisfying his jealous heart, the other trying to explain. This little scene ends when Harry discovers that his revolver is empty and he finds himself in an unenvied position in proposing a duel with swords to a natural born Frenchman. In the lull, however, the Count disappears. Before seeing the Count, Harry had ordered the janitor to throw him down the stairs, backing up his argument with a little pecuniary argument. Now a great banging, bumping noise was heard below and Harry realizes its meaning. The poor Count! Harry exits to prevent more damage. Jack and Elizabeth, having been turned down at the parsonage, come in, and Elizabeth says the game is up for her until they can go out and really come back married. At this point, Mr. Montgomery comes in followed by Mary, who thinks that it was time enough to acquaint "her father-in-law" of her marriage with his son. How this strange looking creature could be his daughter was more than Mr. Montgomery could grasp for the moment. Later he is relieved by the entrance of Aunt Caroline and Edith. Harry then rushes in to the careworn Edith, and when reassured that all is right he feels himself again. Elizabeth and Jack are warmly greeted when they come in and things begin to look brighter all around. But the greatest of all surprises was yet to come. The peaceful company was now broken into by the tragic entrance of the Count. Tragic it was indeed, for to fully determine the number of bruises on the Count's face would be utterly impossible. The two main features which were visible were a black eye and a blood-stained handkerchief tied across his forehead. His hair was in hopeless confusion and his linen was far from clean. The stringy red tie of Jack's was still tied about his neck. His coat! Yes, at last he had found his coat, and thinking the papers are safe, he now

endeavored to secure his "honor," that being indeed the most important concern. What a relentless flow of broken English-French oratory issued from that infuriated Frenchman's mouth! All the wrongs possible had been heaped upon his regal shoulders—he had suffered insults, the most aggravating of all having been his experience of being thrown down the stairs by "zie divil," for such he took the red-headed Tim O'Flaherty the janitor to be. He told with many gesticulations the way he had bumped down the stairs—first on his head, then on his back, and bump, bump, bump down the whole flight of the stairs.. Such a flow of invectives that issued from his battered lips could hardly be described, it was so amusing that all the company were convulsed with mirth, excepting poor Aunt Caroline. She seemed almost on the verge of collapse. Jack, thinking to calm things a little, brought forth a piece of note-paper which he had taken from Count Valiere's coat. It disclosed the fact that the said Count de la Valiere was not a Count at all, but only an educated valet who had used this assumed title in an effort to win a maiden with sufficient pecuniary means to insure him a safe berth on easy street. Caroline Harrison 's trust in man and French "Counts" was surely shaken. She resolves to devote her entire time to the "cause." Hearing the young people discussing their happy plans for the future she exclaims, "I am so sick of hearing about engagements and marrying that I could fairly pounce upon the next person who so much as mentions the subject." Hardly had the words left her mouth when in walks Mary with her admiring husband, "Mr." Tim O'Flaherty, carrying a suitcase on one arm with Mary in firm possession of the other. Both are in full matrimonial attire and their appearance causes even the angry Aunt Caroline to burst into laughter and to stare in amazement. Thus we last see them.

The play was acted without a break and all did admirably. Mabel Whatley, as Edith Harrison, certainly deserves praise. Marion Payne, who took the difficult part of Aunt Caroline, did credit to herself, and too much cannot be said commending her part in making the play a success. To Earl Wagner and Wilber Brucker we must give our greatest panegyric. Earl Wagner, as Jack, acted the part to perfection,

and the same can be said of Wilber Brucker, who was Harry Haddon in the play. Elaine Herbert as Elizabeth Werner, and Louis Wienke as Mr. Montgomery, did splendidly. The laughing material was furnished by Walter Burdick as Tim O'Flaherty, the janitor, Elsie Koch as Mary, and Frank Spencer as the policeman. Between the amusing incidents of these three throughout the play, the audience was in an uproar. Truly, in the words of Shakespeare, they made "a hit, a very palpable hit." But to Leon Cunningham, who acted the difficult role of the Count Valiere, must go our greatest praise. In portraying the polite manners of French nobility, in following out the adventures of the Count, he surely could not have improved.

In future years we may look back with pride to the entertainments that have been given by our class and proudly say, "I was a member of that class, the class of 1912."

ITHAMAR TRACY.

SCENE FROM "A COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT"

Class Poem

TO OUR TEACHERS.

In marble in the Hall of Fame
Forever lives the sculptor's name;
The poet's song in future years
Will pleasure bring or move to tears.

But certain artists do I know
Whose works of fame no book will show,
Who have not wrought in clay and gold
And yet do merit praise untold.

The teachers molding faithfully
Our characters from day to day,
And leading us with loving thought,
What wondrous changes they have wrought.

Developed minds and ever taught
That truth and honor must be sought,
Assisted us in each day's strife,
Which seemed the problem of our life.

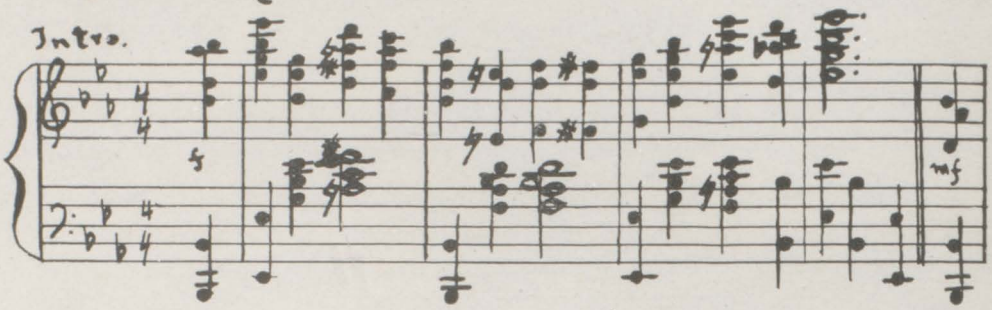
And after all this toil so hard
Should their's not be some great reward,
And is there nought that shall proclaim
In years to come the teacher's name?

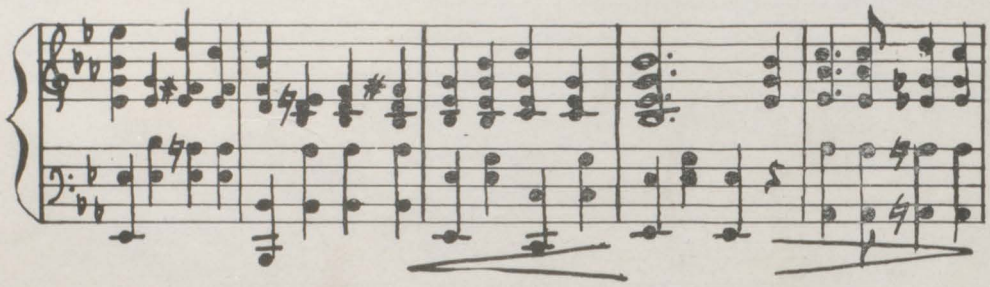
Their pupils' eyes alone can tell
That they have labored long and well,
There gratitude and love abound,
Their monuments in hearts are found.

KARLA BEIERLE.

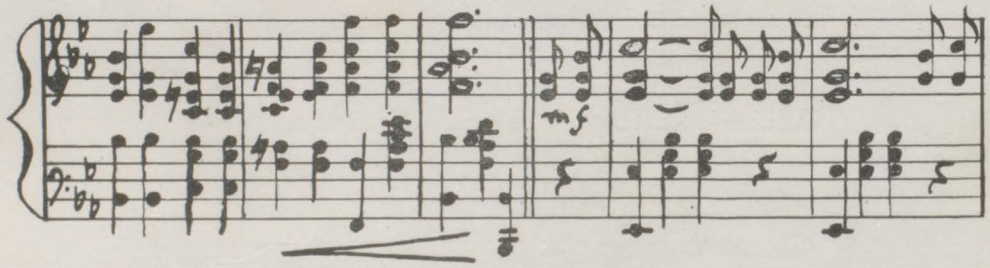
Moderato Maestoso

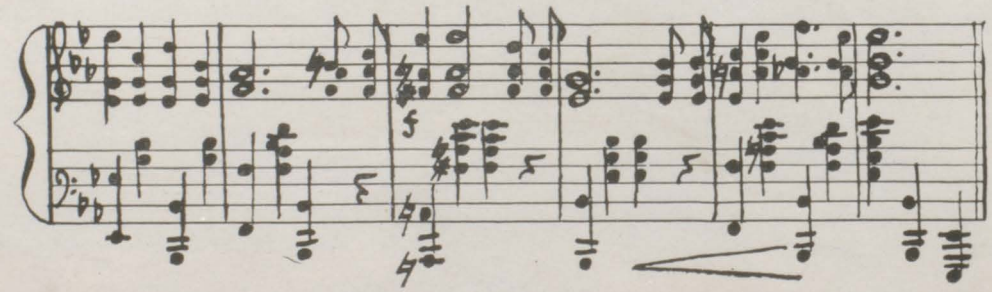
Intro.





Chorus.





CLASS SONG.

I.

The parting hour is drawing nigh;
Our High School days are o'er;
With memories sweet we will depart
Perhaps to meet no more.

CHORUS.

With a sigh, we say goodbye
To our dear old east side High,
To our emblem Gold and Blue
Nineteen twelve will e'er be true.

II.

Now here's to all our teachers dear,
Who cheered us on our way,
That led us on to victory;
To those, farewell we say.

III.

Then from thy halls we will depart,
Brave hearts each one and all,
To go upon Life's ruged way,
To answer Duty's call.

HELEN WESTHOFF.

English

Public Speaking---A Chance Meeting

'Twas on a bright sunny day in the year of 1932 when the steamer, Lilacia, stood in the harbor of New York. Many were the passengers hurying aboard. There were children, women, and men, as well as young people.

"Well, Wilber Brucker, I am certainly glad to find you here," said on man to another, as the two suddenly came face to face on the deck.

"I do declare. Harold Forsythe,—am I dreaming? Having just met with four other members of my high-school class, while wandering around the ship, now I come upon you. What a pleasant surprise!" came the wondering answer, and they both joined hands in a hearty handshake.

"Four other members of our class? May I ask who they are?" eagerly inquired the former.

"Certainly, certainly, I will be glad to tell you. They are Misses Helen Oppermann, Blanche Kerns and Ruth Perry, also Leon Cunningham. We'll just have to get together and talk over old times," was the quick reply.

So ere long on board the ship, there was a little company, composed of six merry people, gayly talking over happy high-school days.

"Yes, Helen and I are bound for a tour through Italy and Greece to study art," said Miss Ruth, when the question was asked her.

" 'Tis the thoughts of music that are leading me; and I suppose it is the play that lures you abroad, Mr. Cunningham?" added Miss Blanche.

"Yes, you are right; and what a chance meeting this was!" responded the person addressed.

They discussed athletics, music and art. They talked over the present , future, and especially the past. They recalled those happy days in old Saginaw High, their Senior Play, Commencement Day Exercises, and so on, until finally their conversation centered upon public-speaking.

"Of course you like your practice of law, Mr. Brucker?" was the general question.

"I do, indeed," began Mr. Brucker, "But do you know that never until late years have I come to fully realize the value of our dear, old high-school's rhetorical sections. Truly it was there that I first received practice in public-speaking; and I am sure it was there that the foundation of my career was laid. Oh, how I used to grumble and growl, when a freshman, about having to prepare a topic for rhetorics; and then, too, how at first I used to tremble when delivering the topic. However, after I joined the Lyceum, that good, old society where we had such lively debates, I became more interested. But really, even then I didn't care for it as I ought."

"I heartily agree with you, Wilber. In my position as minister, I have come to this same conclusion;" spoke up Mr. Harold Forsythe, "I had the same failing as you, when a freshman and, if I remember rightly, also when a sophomore. Yes, and by the smiles on our friends' faces, I think they were afflicted in a similar manner. Nevertheless, in our senior section we had some lively talks, although just now I cannot recall the topics. However, we all know that 'practice makes perfect;' and that's what we received in our rhetorical sections."

"Isn't it odd?" put in Mr. Leon Cunningham, "As an actor, I, too, have found that I owe much to my high-school for having rhetorical sections. My first idea of being an actor came from having to recite in rhetorics. I was just thinking of one day in the Tenth Legion,—you must remember, Miss Kerns,— when we had a special program. Let me see,—were we juniors or seniors? Anyhow, two boys gave a dialogue. One was supposed to be a lazy, school chap who fell asleep,

complaining over his Ceasar lesson. The other boy, (draped in a white sheet), took the part of Saesar's ghost, and chided the lad, revealing some true facts about quitters, and influencing the boy not to drop his Latin."

"Yes, I certainly do remember visiting the Tenth Legion and enjoyed it immensely. I think we were seniors then; yes, I am sure of it. I recall, too, my having a good laugh when Ceasar's ghost almost tripped on his long, white gown. Then furthermore, although I do not now practice public-speaking, yet I'll never forget how much good entering that oratorical contest did me," replied Miss Blanche. "In the G. C. L. S. I used to so enjoy listening to the girls, especially when they talked on Shakespeare's plays," she concluded.

"This subject interests me, too," joined in Miss Helen. "Well do I remember how fine you gave that oration, Blanche; what was it about now? It has slipped my mind during these years, but I can recall how well pleased we all were."

"It was on Child-labor in America," responded Miss Blanche.

"Oh, I do remember now. And we musn't forget the grand showing our junior debating team made at Detroit. In the Thencean, where we had such stories as 'The Silver Arrow,' and 'The Stolen Fra Angelica,' I think most of our members appreciated rhetorics." continued Miss Helen, "Let us have your opinion, Ruth."

"Of course, as a member of the American Literary Society, I was quite fond of my public-speaking section. We had such topics as "The Revolution in China," and "A Fire in a Sky-Scraper," which were both interesting and instructive. Rhetorical sections are surely a benefit and ought to be encouraged in every high-school. I know of one school which does not have them, namely Bay City Eastern; and I think it is a shame," was the response, "and a—"

"What was that little toast to rhetorics which I remember hearing?" broke in Mr. Forsythe, "I think you were the composer, Miss Kerns. Let me see ! Was it at a G. C. L. S. spread that you gave it?"

"You are right," replied Miss Blanche, "I wonder if my memory is as good as yours. I think it went something like this:

Here's to public-speaking, that grand, old art,
  Which we all do love so well,
Here's to rhetorics, so dear to each heart,
  It's great pleasure we e'er shall tell.
Here's to our good, old G. C. L. S., girls,
  Of which we all are proud;
Here's to our rhetorical-section, girls,
  Let's sing its praises loud!"

At this moment the excitement round about increased, as the ship slowly pushed off. So the little company broke up for the present, anticipating many more pleasant visits during the voyage.

E. META GROW.

Essay

Generosity

Ye classmates who would contentment seek, let generosity lead you to the road to happiness. And generosity,—what is generosity? Not merely the giving, but the spirit of giving; not what we give but how we give it. A willing hand, a cheerful smile, one word of comfort—these constitute true generosity.

Indeed, there are some who give out of a sense of duty, or still even more, who give for the sake of obtaining something in return. Their hearts are not touched. With them, it is a mere matter of fact. But such is not generosity. That should spring from the heart. The spirit should be prompted from within one's self. Unless the deed is a willing one, it is not a generous one. But to those who insist on the repaying of the gift, I suggest that they smile in the mirror of the world,—and it will repay you. A selfish heart has no sunshine in it, truly, it is "like a frozen waterfall."

Nothing in this world is obtained without effort, and so with happiness. If the game is "worth the candle," it surely is worth working for. Self sacrifice is the key-note to real felicity. There is always more pleasure in giving than in receiving. When you receive something in return it takes away that feeling that you have done some good for someone. Those of you who have never realized the two-fold reward of some kind deed, have never realized true happiness. You have made yourself happy as well as your friend. Those who make a sad heart rejoice, who comfort gray-haired mother, who even dry the tears of a small child, cannot be repaid by mere objects. Happiness is your reward; the friend grateful to you is doubly worth such perishable matters. The thought of having mended a broken heart is reward itself.

The gift is a hundred times more appreciable, when given with an open heart. To receive such a gift, is much pleasure, but everyone resents an unwilling offer. Even a beggar loathes the coin thrown at him in scorn:

"The beggar raised not the gold from the dust;
Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor;
Though I turn me empty from his door.
That is no true alms which the hand can hold,
He gives nothing but worthless gold,
Who gives from a sense of duty, but he who gives but a
slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight.
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty,
Which runs through all, and doth all unite,
The hand cannot clasp the whole of its alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes its store,
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Is generosity essential? It is indispensable. Existence is dull without it; generosity polishes life. We should all strive to acquire that largeness of heart, that nobleness of the soul, that innate feeling of brotherly love, which makes a world of sunbeams for all who really live. A gift without a friendly spirit, is like a world without sunshine, for,

"Not what we give, but what we share,—
The gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

MABEL WHATLEY.

Story

ALL FOR A KING

BY JOHN H. SCHMIDT.

A burly son of Erin, lurched heavily past, singing lustily in a voice attuned to Hades' gutteral moanings.

"Away down, away down, 'way down in Timbuctoo."

"Gott," commenced Schultz, "does he call id singin'. Timbuctoo? Henery ver ve efer in Timbuctoo?"

"Chess, ver ve?"

"Bah ! Dummkopf ! Var correspondents ve ver, vat? Down in Tripoli, ja? Himmel auf der desert ve get lost, und valk, und valk, und valk. One hundret miles ve valk. Gott! It vas vorse als der time die pirates made us gif dem a Mardi Gras festifal on der plank, ja. Two hundret miles ve valk. Donnervetter, how skinny ve got. Und denn ve came to Timbuctoo. Maria! solch a town. Ach, how I shall egs-bress mein disgust."

"Schultz der are ladies bresent."

"Ach ja, Gott bless der ladies. But tink! Two hundret miles for a measly, voormeaten, French fort. Bah! der vurst vas yet to come. Zum Generalissimus it vas I vent. ja."

"General," said I, "ve are var correspondents, var correspondents aus Pottsdam, ja. Could you mit two steam-heated rooms, private baths and flealess beds aggommodate us, vat?"

"Var correspondents, Monsieur, aus Potsdam, steam-heated rooms and so forth. Tinks you I haf forgot Alsace-Lorraine, ze Franco-Prusso var, eh? Compreenz? Jean, take ze Proosians to ze cala-boose."

"Potts tausend!" I cried, "to der calaboose? you fliegenfresser! Tinks you der Kaiser vill—vill—"

"Jean!" says he.

Und beim Himmel zu der chail ve vent;—but—

A Frau der vass—und a cook? Ach Henery. Besser almost als mein Lena could she cook. But ach, choy like life iss but a shpan.

In a veek his eggscellency trips chauntily to our cell. Henery was shleeping like an automobile mit der eggshaust vide open.

"Monsieurs," begins Frenchie, "it ees var correspondents you are, yes? Plans and papers you haf not so?"

"Correct, schnaileater," answers I, "id iss not so."

"Ha! you refuse to surrender dem ees it? So, as spies and as a necessity of peace you vill be shot so, Piffo! Friday, yes. Adieu Monsieurs."

"Tod und Hölle! Shot! Gott! Bengel, der Kaiser—"

"Iss in Potsdam, adieu."

Und he vas gone.

"Ach Henery!" I cried, "Henery! Henery! H-e-n-e-r-y! Shot! Ach Lena!"

But dot lout! Bah! For fife minutes he yawns und denn—

"Vat iss id Schultz?"

"Narr, shot ve are goin, to be, ja. Shot, shot, SHOT! Ach Lena, Lena, mein Lena!"

"Who by, ven?" he asks und I told him.

"Der French, Friday, ach Lena, Lena, Lena! Dein Mann musz sterben."

"So-o-o! shot?" he says. "Ja, Schultz, such iss life. A little choy, a little sorrow, und at der end—death—und maybe a few tears, ja. Today iss Toosday, tomorro Friday, today der sun shines, tomorrow id rains, today id iss life und hope, tomorrow death; such iss der law. Vy comblain?"

Efening fell. Die Frau brought us our supper in. Her eyes ver red, und she gulped down a sob as she set der tray on der floor.

"Chealousy, chealousy," murmured Henery as she left. (His eggscellence vas her husband.) "Komm, Schultz, eat, trink und be merry, for tomorrow ve croak."

But I sat lookin' at der moonlight, as it fritered dru der brison bars, und listened to der vaves as dey lapped der sandy shore.

Ach, id iss tough to die in a strange land.

Morning came and sunlight flooded der cell. Doors groaned on der hinges as dey shwung open, und dree vould be sholdiers mit one voice cried "Ready, Monsieurs, proceed Monsieurs," und we proceeded.

Der Generalissmus sat at hiss desk, und nervous, Gott, he shook like a tea-kettle on a red-hot stofe.

"Ver are ze rest?" he gasped like a stranded fish.

De sholders shaluted. "Drunk, Monsieur,"

"Mon Dieu, drunk?"

I nudged Henery.

"Four froggies against two Germans, vat? How's der odds suit you, ja.-"

"I'm on, Schultz."

Heiliges Bimbam, der Kilkenny cat affair vas a flyshpeck on der moon gompared to der fight vat followed. His highness vent oud und down mit a bullet dru his solar-plexus und die udders, Himmel, dey like Bryan are runnin' yet."

It vass ofer.

"Ach Henery," I cried.

"Ach Schultz."

"Henery you shall be kink."

"Nein, Schultz, you."

"I haf id, Henery. An oleogarchy ve vill establish, ja?"

Na, nu, Schultz, vat goot iss an oleo factory?,No combedition in der butter line iss der?

"Ach nein, nein, NEIN. I mean ve shall bod be kinks."

"Ach das is viel besser."

Und ve ver.

Ach, Maria, how we lifed. Ale on Monday, schnapps on Toosday, beer on Wednesday, vine on Tursday, gin on Friday, all of dem on Saturday, und lemon juice on Sunday. Und denn der cookin, ach Lena, Lena, wenn du deinen Mann gesehen hattest!

But dere are ends to all eardly bliss.

One day der sun vas obskured by a cloud of sand dot came nearer und nearer.

"Dot iss vat?" I kwestioned a Frenchie vat had been down und out und so eggskaped der slaughter.

"Zat, Monsieur," he said, "ees der natives come to do ze new kink honor."

I eggsblained to Henery.

"So-o," he said, und mit two "Peruna" boxes und chairs he made two thrones, "ve shall receif dem in full majestät."

Der caravan advanced und halted about a hundred feet away.

"Vell, vat's der matter?" asked Henery.

"Dond know which of ze Monsieurs is kink," suggested Frenchie.

"So," said Henery.

Ve vaited. Minutes shlipped by.

Suddenly dey shook der shpears, yelled und charged. A dutzen grabbed me, a dozen Henery und der,—ach Himmel, I don'd no.

Later, ven I came to, I was lieing on a bed of shkins mit a bunch of niggers shtandin' round. Ach, how dey yelled, und it vas like a sea roarin' in mein ears. A veek I lay dere, but Himmel a Deutcher vas tough, ja, vat? Später Frenchie told me all vat happened had.

"Some of ze Ethiopians vished you for kink, Monsieur, and ze rest vished Henery. And by ze fight zay vished to settle ze difficulty, yes. You vaz licked and Henery is now kink. So it stands, Monsieur, yet."

"So I vass defeated iss id?" I asked.

"Oui, Monsieur, but ve have ze best men Schultz, only luck showed us his coat-tails."

"So-o, I vill tink about der situation," said I.

Six years id vas dot I served in der Kaiser's army, und in der days dot folowed dot little fracas mit der Timbuctooans, I drilled mein

subjects till dey had, if I do say id meinself, poys, reached der acme of berfection. Henery und I met often down by der vater's edge, ven der moon each vave und ripple mit a golden sheen vould crown. Ach, der vas no help, var it had to be.

Ja, Lena, in mein dreams I saw a ship fly shwift agross der sea, und in der prow der shtood her hair tossed free— Ach du war's, Lena du war's.

Mit shwift shtrides der day of der battle dawned. Und ven ve met like two gread vaves it vas, ja, like two gread vaves. Und the natives yelled in dere shields, und id vas like der roar of der surf, ven a storm iss near und der clouds shwift travel agross der heavens. Gott, at efery charge a hundret men vent down und shtill dey fought. Back ve forced Henery's troops into a long stretch of land, ver der tiger grass grew far abof our heads. Den, suddenly, a rustling it vas heard, und beim Himmel, two gread tigers leaped in amongst der sholdiers.

Like der vinds dot der leaves in autumn scatter, so did der tigers dem sholdiers. Und a minute later ven I lookeed out from behind a balm tree, der field vas empty as der front seats in a church. Denn sum vun comes softly up behind, und shlapps me on der shmall of der pack und hollers.

"Schultz!"

"Henery," I said, "wir sind wieder beisammen."

Und den der vas an awful grash, und a cannon ball came rushing ofer our heads.

"Bray, Henery, bray!" I cried. "Ich bin klein—"

"Schultz, Schultz, see—see—der flag." und down der shore ran Henery, ja.

Gott! a cruiser mit a German flag.

One of der boats came sgipping ofer der vaters blue.

"See, see, Schultz!" Henery called, "dere iss Gustav, und Hans, und Max, und in der prow iss—Lena."

* * * * * *

"Ja, so war's vat, Henery."

"Sure, Schultz, now gif em der shark story."

"Ach, sum oder time, maype vat?"

AENEIAD

Book I, lines 50-86.

Taliaflammato secumcorde
Dea volutans, Nimborum
In patriam Aeoliam, loca
Feta furentibibus austris venit.
Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque
Sonoras imperio premit
Ac vinclis etcarcere frenat.

Illi idignantes cum montis
Mumure magno circum claustra
Fremunt; celsa sedit Aeolusarce,
Sceptra tenens, mollitque animos
Ee temperat iras. Ni faciat
Maria ac terras caelumque profundum
Quippe ferant rapidi secum
Verrantque per auras.

Pondering thoughts like these
Within her heart aflame
Juno, the queen of the gods draws
Nigh the abode of the winds, Aeolia.
Here in a spacious cavern king Aeolus
Bends to his will contending blasts
And the raging storms he does confine
By the fetters of his prison house.

These winds, while the mountain moans,
Madly chafe about the barriers.
Aeolus, seated on his lofty throne
With sceptre in hand, their fury calms
And violent passion soothes.
For, should he not do this, the seas,
The earth and deep vault of the sky
Would be borne away by these winds.

Sed Pater omnipatens speluncis
Abdidit atris, hoc metuens
Molemque et montes insuper
Altos imposuit regemque dedit,
Qui foedere certo et premere
Et laxas sciret dare iussus
Habenas, Ad quem tum Juno
Supplex his vocibus usa est.

But Jupiter, that all-powerful sire
Fearing this, confined them in dark caves
And placed mighty mountains upon them:—
Gave them a king whose duty it was,
Under certain conditions to know
How to check or to give them free reins,
To him, then, Juno, as suppliant
These words addresses:

'Aeole, namque tibi pater atque
Hominum rex et mulcere dedit
Fluctus et tollere vento, gens inimica
Mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor
Ilium in Italiam portans victosque
Penates: incute vim ventis
Summersasque obrue puppes, aut
Age diversos et disice corporaponto.

"O Aeolus, to thee I come, for to thee the father
And king of men has granted power
Both to calm the waters and cast them up.
A race which I dislike is sailing the Tuscan sea,
Bearing a Trojan and conquered Penates to Italy:
Lash your winds to fury!
Sink and bury the ships in the waves!
Scatter the sailors o'er the deep!

Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti
Corpore Nymphie, quarum quae
Forma pulcherrima Deiopea,
Conubio iungam stabili
Propriamque dicabo, omnes ut
Tecum meritis pro talibus
Annos exigat et pulchra
Faciat te prole parentum.'

I have twice seven graceful nymphs
And Deiopea, the fairest of these,
I will unite to thee in lasting wedlock,
Will pronounce her thine for ever,
That she may spend her life with thee,
In return for these services of thine,
That she may make thee a father
Proud of beautiful children."

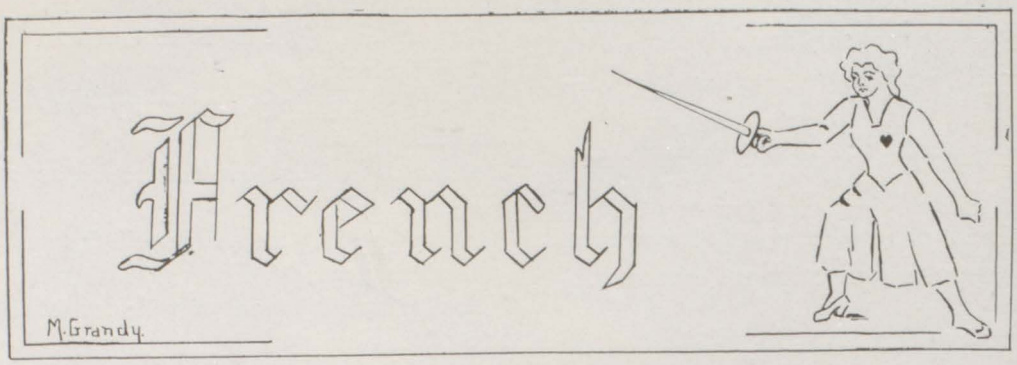
Aeolus haec contra: 'Tuus, O regina,
Quid optes explorare labor;
Mihi iussa capessere fas
Est. Tu mihi quodcumque
Hoc regni, tu sceptra Iovermque
Concilias, tu das epulis
Accumbere divum, nimborumque
Facis tempestatumque potentem."

In answer this did Aeolus speak:
"Thy task, O Queen, is to consider thy wishes;
Mine the duty to perform thy commands.
For me thou didst win this realm as it is,
For me this sceptre and Jove's favor thou secured,
Thou grantest to me the honor of reclining
At the banquets of the gods, and
Makest me lord of the winds and storms."

Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa
Cuspide montem impulit in latus,
Ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta, ruunt et terras
Turbine perflant. Incubuere mari
Totumque a sedibus imis una Euresque
Notusque ruunt creberque procellis
Africus, et vastos volunt ad litora fluctus.

He spoke and with shifted spear did strike
Against the hollow mountain's side.
The winds, as in battle array, rush forth
From the crevices in whirlwind blast.
At one and the same moment, Eurus
Notus, Africus, abounding in storms
Descend and heave up the depths of the sea,
Toss the huge waves upon dry shores.

BERTHA MACLISE CRAWFORD, '12.



La Belle Madame Regamier

Jeanne Françoise Julie Adelaide Bernard est née à Lyons en France, le 4 decembre 1777. Elle fut instruite dans un couvent à Lyons, et elle le quitta avec répugnance pour aller à Paris, où elle mena une vie gaie et sociale. Quand elle était une jeune femme, elle était très gracieuse, donée en musique et en danse, et sa personnalité était très charmante. Sa beauté excite l'admiration de la reine et de la princesse royale.

Quand elle eut quinze ans, elle s'est mariée à M. Récamier, qui eut quarante-deux ans. Il lui garnit somptueusement une maison d'acajou, de bronze, de bois de satin, et de galon d'or.

Les hommes et les femmes les plus éclatants de ce temps s'assemblaient dans son salon, et Madame de Staël en était son amie la plus chère. Lorsque Madame Récamier faisait des visites aux coursétrangères, tout le monde rendait hommage à sa beauté, à son charme, et à son esprit. Mais son mariage fut malheurenx et comme elle n'eut pas d'enfants, elle adopta une nièce de son mari. Elle était trés intéressée dans la charité, elle visitait les indigents, et établissait des écoles.

Quand la banque de M. Récamier fit faillite, tout le monds sympathisa avec Madame Récamier. Bientôt après, elle visita son amie, Madame de Staël, qui vivait dans l'exil. C'était ici qu'elle rencontra le Prince Auguste de Prusse, qui devint amoreux d'elle, et lui demanda

qu'elle se séparât de son mari. Mais il écrivit une lettre si touchante qu'elle délaissa l'idée.

Parce qu'elle fit des visites à l'exilée Madame de Staël si souvent, elle fut exilée elle même. Son endroit d'exil devint Lyons après quelque temps où elle rencontra le philosophe distingué, M. Ballanche, et il y eut des conversations éclatantes entre let deux. A cause de la chute de Napoléon, elle put retourner de son exil à Paris; Madame de Staël et d'autres amis y retournèrent aussi.

Bientôt après Madame de Staël tomba dangereusement malade, et à son chevet Madame Récamier rencontra Chateaubriand, auteur inspiré et homme d'état distingué. Il devint son ami sincère, et il lui écrivait constamment de ses postes à Berlin, à Londres, et à Rome, où il était ambassadeur de France. Ainsi que Madame Récamier, il était malheureusecent marié.

M. Récamier mourut à l'âge de quatre-vingts ans, après avoir vécu quelque temps sé paré de son épouse. Elle avait fait ce pas, parce que son établissement de banque avait fait faillite deux fois.

La vue de Madame Récamier s'affaiblit et elle pleura sur la mort de Ballanche tant qu'elle devint avengle complètement.

Après que l'épouse de Chateaubriand était morte, il offrit sa main à son amie vielle. Dans quelques mots bien choisis, elle refusa cela, mais elle dit qu'elle serait heureuse de prendre soin de lui dans son vieillesse. Aprè sa mort, sa santé s'affaiblit rapidment, et elle mourut chez sa nièce le 11 Mai, 1849.

Madame Récamier était la femme la plus belle de l'Europe, elle eut une renommée pure, et un caractère généreux. Elle ne se faisait pas d'ennemis, et ne perdait pas un ami. Sa bonne fai sa bienveillance, son esprit, et sa dignité étaient une inspiration à tout le monde.

MARION PAYNE.

Im Schwarzwald

Im südwestlichen Deutschland über einen grossen Teil von Baden und Württemberg streckt sich eine Gebirgekette. Diese ist dicht mit Tannen-baümen bewachsen, und trägt wegen des dunklen Farbentons ihres Laubes und ihrer Stämme schon seit frühester Zeit den Namen Schwarzwald.

Der Schwarzwald ist in der Form eines Dreiecks, und der romantische Rhein bildet auf zwei Seiten die Grenze desselban. Das Kinzigthal trennt das Gebirge in zwei Teile, Unter und Ober-Schwarzwald. Baden-Baden ist die bedeutenste Stadt des untern Schwarzwald; Kniebis und Hornisgrinde sind die höchsten Berge. Der Ober-Schwarzwald ist der südliche Teil des Waldes und der kahle runde Gipfel des Feldbergs erhebt sich aus dessen Mitte ungefähr 5,000 Fuss in die Höhe. Der Abhang desselben ist sehr steil gegen den Rhein doch allmählich neigt er sich gegen den Necker und die Donau.

In den Tälern und nicht in den Höhen und Bergen liegen die Schönheiten und Wunder der Natur des Schwarzwaldes verborgen. Fusswege und Wegweiser führen den Wanderer von einer interressanten Stelle zur andren; von der sprudelnden Wasserquelle zu dem murmelnden See oder dem rauschen den Flusse; von dem Gast oder Bauernhause zu den altertümlichen Ruinen eines Schlosses, oder eines Klosters. Das dichte grüne Laub der Tannen, die oft 200 Fuss in die Höhe empor-

ragen, schützt den Touristen vor den heissen Sonnenstrahlen und spendet weit und breit lieblichen Duft. Still und ohne Furcht kann ein Wanderer seines Weges gehen, denn er hat nicht zu fürchten wilde Tiere, Raüber, oder gleitende Eis und Schneeberge. Die wilden Tiere sind ausgerottet, und die Ruinen der Raubritterschlösser, welche manche Höhe zieren, erhöhen nur den Zauber der Landschaft und verknüpfen eine Sage mehr mit der Umgegend. Denn fast jedes Schloss, jeder Fluss, Berg oder See hat seine interressante Sage.

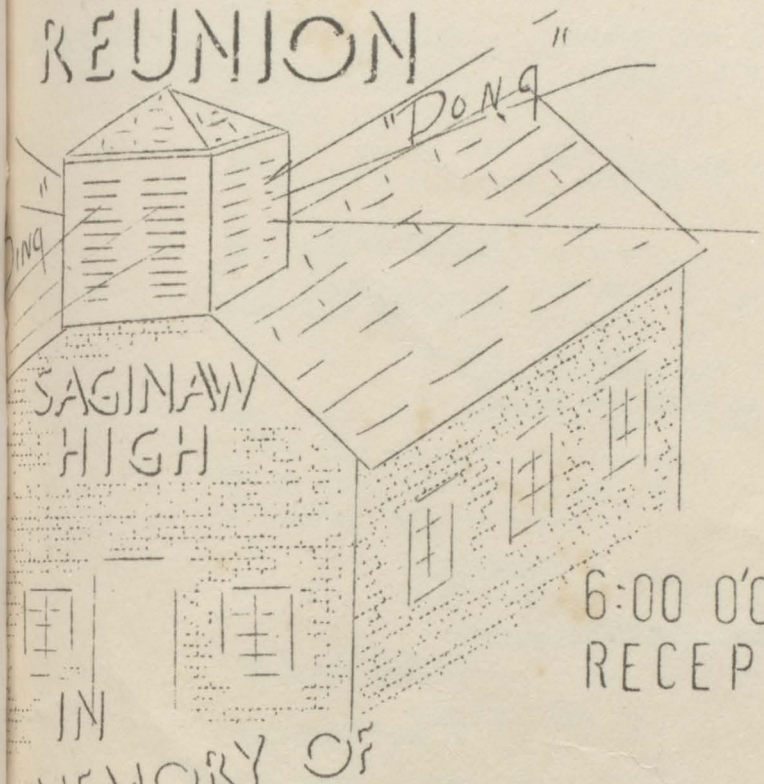
Wer die ersten Einwohner des Schwarzwaldes waren ist nicht genau bekannt. Kaesar nennt in seinen Schriften das Volk der Cimbern und der Teutonen, unciviliziert, gross und stark gebaut, sehr mutig und tapfer im Kampf. Sie waren die ersten die unter seinen Soldaten Furcht verbreiteten so das er sie Germanen oder Kreigsmänner nannte. Sie begannen mit ihm den Kreig zwischen den Deutschen und den Römern, welcher beinahe 600 Jahre währte. Eine Zeitlang schien es, als ob die Römer die Oberhand gewinnen würden, aber in den Helden Hermann fand sich der Retter der Deutschen-Jedoch bald darauf fiel das Land in die HZnde der zänkischen Stämme. Diesmal waren es die Mönche und der Einfluss des Christentums, welche das Land vor Verwüstung retteten. Im zehnten und eften Jahrhundert hausten die Raubritten in den Höhen des Schwarzwalds und unterdrückten das ganze Land.

Doch heutzutage finden wir nichts von alle dem, sondern nur ehrliche, friedsame Einwohner. Die meisten betreiben eine Landwirtschaft und ob reich oder arm, ein jeder Besitzer arbeitet un ermüdlich von früh morgens bis spät in die Nacht. Eine andere Beschäftigung ist der Holzhandel. Die Tannen werden gefällt und jetzt meistens mit der Eisenbahn, aber zuweilen auch auf dem Rhein nach Holland abgesandt. Die letztere Weise, Holzflösserei genannt, bietet ein sehr interressantes Schauspiel dar. Ein Floss ist oft 700 Fuss lang und ist mit Planken belegt, welche das Deck bilden, auf diesem errichten die Schiffer ihre Hütten. Sie nehmen ihre Familien mit sich so dasz oft von 300 bis 400 Personen darauf wohnen. Mit grosser Schnelligkeit eilt dieses schwimmende Dorf den Rhein entlang zu seinem Abladeplatz.

Viele Holzarbeiten werden verfertigt und die erste Uhr wurde hier gemacht. In dem Museum zu Furtwangen ist eine Uhr aufbewahrt die schon über 211 Jahre alt ist. Die Uhrmacherei gibt auch heute noch Arbeit für viele Leute. Ausser diesen finden diese fleiszigen Leute noch viele andere Beschäftigungen. Doch sind sie nicht zu beschäftigt, um mit Rat und Tat beizustehen. Geld erregt in ihnen nicht die Lust immer mehr und mehr zu bekommen, sondern was sie sparen, legen sie beiseite für ihre Kinder, um ihnen Gelegenheit zu geben zu lernen, was ihnen versagt war. Reinlichkeit ist überall, selbst in den geringsten Hütten zu finden. Kost und Quartier kann man sehr billig bekommen und berufsmäszige Bettler giebt es hier nicht um den Wanderen zu plagen. Doch liebe Leser auch diese Leute haben ihre Fehler, aber ihre Tugend steht im Vordergrunde, und möchte das so sein in allen Landen!

FLORENCE VEITENGRUBER.

1912 CLASS REUNION



6:00 O'CLOCK
RECEPTION

IN
MEMORY OF

W. W. WARNER

GERMANIA CLUB
SAGINAW

MAY 22, 1952
MICHIGAN

COCKTAILS

DINNER

PROGRAM

Memorial	
Class Song	
Tribute to Mr. Warner - Gift Presentation to Mrs. Warner	Wilber Brucker, distinguis Saginaw High School Alumn
Our Aurora Prophecy	
Songs	Glee Club
Violin Solo	Harold Forsythe
Members of the Class of 1912 Reminiscing with the Aurora	

* *

COMMITTEE

General Chairman-Toastmaster	Walter Burdick
Membership	Wilber Brucker
Decorations & Dinner	Marion Goppelt
Entertainment	Harold Forsythe
Reception	Karla Beierle
Tickets & Reservations	Cecil Baskins

CLASS SONG

1. The parting hour is drawing nigh;
Our High School Days are o'er;
With memories sweet we will depart
Perhaps to meet no more.

Chorus

With a sigh, we say goodbye
To our dear old east side High,
To our emblem Gold and Blue
Nineteen Twelve will e'er be true.

2. Now here's to all our teachers dear,
Who cheered us on our way
That led us on to victory;
To those, farewell we say.

3. Then from thy halls we will depart,
Brave hearts each one and all,
To go upon Life's rugged way,
To answer Duty's call.

Helen Westhoff

SCHOOL DAYS

School days, school days, dear old golden
rule days,
Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick,
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful, barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate, "I love you, Joe",
When we were a couple of kids.

CLASS POEM

TO OUR TEACHERS

In marble in the Hall of Fame,
Forever lives the sculptor's name;
The poet's song in future years
Will pleasure bring or move to tears.

But certain artists do I know
Whose works of fame no book will show;
Who have not wrought in clay and gold
And yet do merit praise untold.

The teachers molding faithfully
Our characters from day to day,
And leading us with loving thought,
What wondrous changes they have wrought.

Developed minds and ever taught
That truth and honor must be sought;
Assisted us in each day's strife,
Which seemed the problem of our life.
And after all this toil so hard
Should their's not be some great reward,
And is there nought that shall proclaim
In years to come the teacher's name.

Their pupils' eyes alone can tell
That they have labored long and well,
There gratitude and love abound,
Their monuments in hearts are found.

Karla Beierle

Frances Brady.

In 1909, two hundred fifty strong, we entered the Saginaw High School as Freshmen. That year we took no part in social affairs but simply watched the doings of our elders with the carefulness which considers future attainment.

Shortly after Christmas vacation of our Sophomore year we became busily engaged in making preparations for a class party, which was the first of its kind in the school history and created much excitement. The reason for this was because we had decided in a class meeting to be so independent as to give a party for ourselves, and strictly for ourselves, no outsiders being allowed. The party itself took place Thursday, February twenty-fourth, from four to seven, in the Manual Training building. The gymnasium was decorated with bunting of blue and yellow, the class colors, and at each end hung a shield of yellow and blue with the numerals '12 in electric lights. At four o'clock there was an informal reception and after this the members of the class took part in a Grand March led by the president, George Bliss, and vice-president, Miss Karla Beierle. After the March we danced to music furnished by Cook's orchestra. For all those who did not care to dance and also for many others, there was a great attraction in one of the upstairs rooms, as a young gypsy maiden had secretly pitched her tent there and to the enjoyment of all, Miss Swinton told fortunes.

This Sophomore Spread (we are much indebted to Miss Chase for the name), which we are proud to say originated in our class, was a complete success and moreover it prepared us for the greater functions which were to follow.

The first social event during the Junior year was the annual Junior Hop, which took place Friday evening, December twenty-third, nineteen hundred ten, in the gymnasium of the Manual Training building. The decorations were exquisite. The balustrade around the running track was draped with blue and yellow bunting, and over this background smilax and chrysanthemum were prettily arranged. There were colored lights, and suspended from the ceiling was a "calcium moon," which helped to make a very bright and pleasant evening. At one end of the gymnasium was the class shield, while at the other hung our banner. Much enjoyment was created by the spot light, which searched the corners as well as played at random on the dancers. A booth for the orchestra was partitioned off from the rest of the gymnasium by huge white pillars; it was brilliantly lighted and was surrounded by many palms. The guests as well as the Juniors themselves pronounced this party very enjoyable and a great success.

Our ten Juniors who won the Junior exhibition appointments were the following:

Meta Grow, first; Florence Veitengruber, a close second; the other eight appointees in alphabetical order were:—Maude Fisher, Elaine Herbert, Blanche Kerns, Rudolph List, Martha Otto, Marion Payne, Frida Volz and Cordula Zuehlke. No exhibition was given for school work crowded very heavily in the attempt to make up all the time lost by the vacation caused by the small-pox epidemic.

A social function of great importance took place on May twelfth. We gave at the Germania our Junior entertainment, which took the form of a minstrel show. As this was a departure from the beaten path of social custom, our class again deserves distinction for establishing a precedent. A minstrel show for high school students is most difficult to stage and so all the more credit is due to the participants. We are indeed grateful for the helpful suggestions given us by Harry Gose-

line and Charles Carlisle. Some of those who participated were Ithamar Tracy, interlocutor; Harold Forsyth, Fred Gallagher, Lionel Merrill and Franz Otto, end men. The names of those in the chorus were: —Messrs. Braun, Chandler, Cunningham, Lee, List, Lum, Ostler, Spence, Vorwerck, Wagner, Winston; Misses Beierle, Fisher, Grandy, Harris, Herbert, Hunter, Jones, Koch, Oppermann, Payne, Perry. Shea, Westhoff, Whatley, Zwerk. Solos were rendered by Fred Ostler, Clifford Vorwerck, Earl Wagner, Harold Forsythe, Leon Cunningham and Fred Gallagher. Mr. Cunningham was accompanied by twelve girls, who gave a very attractive little dance. Dancing was then enjoyed by all, the rest of the evening. Because of the financial success of this entertainment, we were enabled to take the Seniors to Riverside Park. Four special cars were engaged to transport all members of both classes to the park, where a delightful time was spent. Late in the afternoon, a supper was served in the pavilion. Then dancing was enjoyed by all until time for departure.

As Seniors our first social event took place in the form of a dance, the Senior dance. We had intended to realize something in order to start the Aurora along. A good time was enjoyed but our intentions did not materialize. The gymnasium was decorated for the occasion with colored lights hanging from the track, while the class banner was suspended from the ceiling. Dancing was enjoyed from eight until twelve, the music was furnished by Russo's orchestra and punch was served throughout the evening.

On May third we bowed a second time to the public behind the Germania's footlights when we presented "A Count of No Account." Other social events including "Mischgianza" have kept us merry since, and commencement brings a series of good times in close proximity.

We have had a most enjoyable time socially, thfoughout these four years from which we most reluctantly part.

INEZ JONES.

Frances
Drady.

STANLEY BEACH

Class of 1913

Colors—Yellow and White.

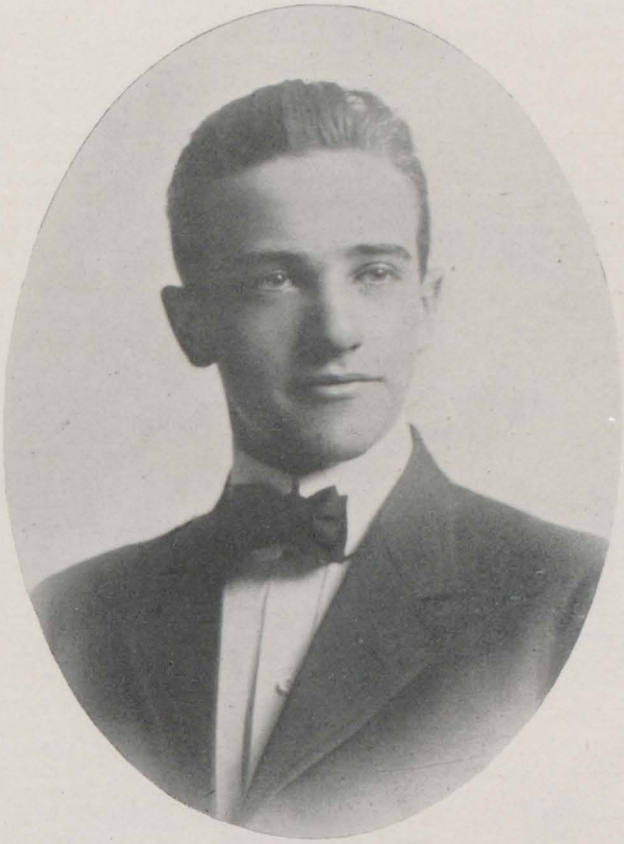
OFFICERS

R. STANLEY BEACH.....President
MILDRED BROWN.....Vice-President
HOWARD LEE.....Secretary
FERN SMITH.....Treasurer
CLARENCE BRIGGS.....Marshal

MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1913.

Adams, Grace
Albright, Ralph
Aubry, Charlotte
Bartholemew, Bertha
Baskins, Forest
Bau, Nora
Beach, Stanley
Beirle, Constantine
Booth, Lorna
Boulton, Royal
Briggs, Clarence
Brown, Anna
Browne, Mildred
Campbell, John
Chambers, Bessie
Chapman, Clyde
Charvat, Helena
Cross, Gertrude
Daum, William
Davis, Roy
Deibler, Tod
Dettenthaler Edward
Downing, Ruth
Draper, Duane
Draper, Harold
Duryea, Merle
Eagan, Howard
Eastman, William
Elrich, Clara
Feahr, Laura
Feldman, Clarence
Fettig, Mortimere
Field, Edith
Fitzgerald, Genevieve
Floyd, Harry
Framton, Florence
Fritsch, Ottilia
Gage, Catherine
Gaudreau, Cyril
Gemmill, Nina
Godard, Cora
Grandy, Helen
Green, Emmet
Green,Jane
Green, Mary
Griffore, George
Hanchett, Benton
Hannon, Frank
Harbron, Moutray
Hebeler, Mabel
Heilbronn, Bessie
Heindel, Clarence
Herrick, Austin
Hill, Francis
Hill, Margaret
Holland, Esther
Horning, Vivian
Houlihan, Myrtle
Hughes, Leslie
Jamieson, Lawrence
Jasper, Fred
Johnson, Erwin
Joseph, Carl
Karr, Charlotte
Kaufmann, Stella
Kenny, Jessie
Kerns, Hazel
Klumpp, Erma
Koch, Linda
Krause, Frank
Kreuzberger, Howard
Kuehl, Marjorie
Kurtz, Charlotte
Lang, Herman
Lappan, Clarence
Leach, Rosel
Leaning, Marguerite
Lee, Howard
Liddle, Jeannie
Loehr, Allen
Loveland, Rufus
Loveland, Trafton
Luetjohann, Laura
Lyman, Irving
McCormick, Emily
McFadden, Marguerite
McKenzie, William
McPeak, Cecilia
Marskey, Edna
Marskey, Myrtle
Martin Ortensia
Mathewson, Hugh
Meibeyer, Edwin
Mercier, Evelyn
Merrill, Lionel
Meyer, Margaret
Mickey, Erma
Miller, Carl
Miller, Olive
Mollhagen, Mae
Murphy, Emmett
Myer, Myrtle
Newman, Charles
Nothelfer, Joseph
O'Donnell, James
Oppermann, Herbert
Ostler, Fred
Otto, Lenore
Phillips, Clara
Phipps, Walter
Pike, Kathleen
Popp, Harold
Reynolds, Carl
Rieder, Floyd
Robertson, Junior
Robinson, Fred
Rupp, Hilda
Sage, Henry
Sanderhoff, Roland
Schaeffer, Edward
Schmidt, Elsie
Schulz, Amanda
Schulz, Marie
Schupp, Arthur
Scott, Edwin
Seitner, Robert
Shepard, Ruth
Sherriff, Sidney
Smith, Fern
Smith, Glen
Smith, Ralph
Stauber, Lola
Staver, Harry
Steckert, William
Stierle, William
Stone, Clement
Stranahan, Elmer
Thal, Rena
Titsch, Fred
Topham, Hanaford
Tracy, Rachel
Troy, Joe
Volz, Martha
Vorwerck, Stanley
Wallace, Frank
Warner, Gladys
Watson, William
Whatley, William
Whitney, Florence
Wienke, Emma
Winship, Virginia
Wolcott, Naomi
Woodruff, Helen
Wrege, Verda
Young, John

SOPH
F. S. OTTO.



OTTO WOLF

Class of 1914

Colors—Maroon and Gold.

OFFICERS

OTTO WOLF.....President
ANNA ROTH.....Vice-President
EARL RAYMOND.....Secretary
BEATRICE WARNER.....Treasurer
CRAIG BROWN.....Marshal

MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1914.

Abbot, Grace
Alcorn, Wilbur
Andrews, John
Arlt, John
Baker, Frieda
Bandemer, Selma
Barbarin, Rhea
Baum, Florence
Baumgarten, Albert
Beach, Arthur
Bishop, Elva
Bolt, Ruth
Bradt, Lorain
Bridgman, Gertrude
Bromm, Franklin
Brooks, Gilbert
Brown, Esther
Brown, Floyd
Brown, Harriet
Brown, J. Craig
Brown, Julian
Burkholder, Charles
Burman, Fred
Burroughs, Cecile
Campbell, Malcolm
Carroll, Mabel
Clark, Kenneth
Clark, Myrtle
Covey, Ethel
Cummings, Charles
Daum, Henry
Davis, Lorena
Dietz, Ara
Driggs, Florence
Dunn, Lois
Eagan, Harold
Fish, Jack
Fox, Adam
Francke, Leonard
French, William
Frueh, Helen
Geisler, Paul
Gillam, Emily
Goecker, Louis
Goodman, Francis
Gorman, Frank
Gorman, Nettie
Granse, William
Granville, Ione
Green, Helen
Gross, Walter
Hackstadt, Neil
Hall, John
Hanaford, Don
Harris, Elsa
Hartwick, Howard
Hax, Katherin
Hibert, Franz
Heim, Leonora
Heinemann, Ruth
Henderson, Don
Herbeck, Grace
Horning Marie
Hubert, Ione
Huntley, Grace
Ingamelbe, Bessie
Izzo, Joseph
Jerome, Mabel
Jerome, Modelle
Joseph, Emelia
Judd, Louise
Kanter, Saul
Kelsey, Carl
King, Waldo
Koehler, Arthur
Korbelik, Helen
Krieg, Emil
Landskroener, Clarence
Landschwager, Emma
Lebo, Gladys
Lee, Donald
Leniek, Jay
Levan, Wade
Liddle, Bessie
Littlejohns, Hazel
Lobsiger, John
Loeffler, Persis
Losch, Waldo
Lucas, Grace
Lyman, Ardath
McClelland, Ruth
McCorkle, Gerald
McCormick, Isabel
McGregor, Jeannie
McNally, Ephraim
Mayhew, Norine
Messenger, Marion
Miller, Florence
Mowbray, Fay
Nothelfer, Marie
Niven, Charlotta
Ohland, George
O'Keefe, William
Otto, Clara
Packard, Mildred
Parth, Ella
Parsons, Anna
Patterson, Howard
Place, Neil
Polson, Harold
Purdy, Lawrence
Rabe, Celia
Randolph, George
Raymond, Earl
Redmond, Dorothy
Reed, Charles
Reid, William
Rice, Gordon
Rich, Jay
Richmond, Addie
Riggs, Rudolph
Roberts, Helen
Robertson, Max
Robertson, Ruth
Robins, Retha
Romahn, Theodore
Roth, Anna
Runchey, John
Schaberg, Hester
Scheal, Emma
Scherping, Milton
Schlickum, Lulu
Schroeder, Gertrude
Schultz, Amanda
Schwarch, Edward
Schwartz, Elsa
Secord, Blanche
Seeley, Gerald
Shannon, Henry
Smith, Helen
Spence, Dorothy
Spencer, June
Stacey, Nora
Stein, Meta
Stevens, Willard
Stone, Wells
Swanson, Vera
Symons, Arthur
Taylor, Earl
Tillock, Arthur
Tobin, Marie
Vance, Bessie
Van Sickle, Francss
Vasold, Bernice
Veitengruber, Adolph
Waddell, Alex
Walkling, Lyn
Wall, Dan
Wallace, Ora
Walles, Ralph
Warner, Beatrice
Werner, Elsa
Whitney, George
Wilkins, Gwendolyn
Wilkinson, Muriel
Wilson, Donald
Winkler, Clara
Winkler, George
Wolf, Karl
Wolf, Otto
Zuelch, Olga

A. ULRICH
1912

DONALD McGEE

Class of 1915

Class Colors—Green and White.

OFFICERS

DONALD McGEE.....President
VIOLA JOHNSON.....Vice-President
DANTE ARCHANGEL.....Secretary
KATHERINE LOVELAND.....Treasurer

MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1915

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Bauer, Florence
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Bauman, Linda
Beckbissinger, Mamie
Berka, Caroline
Beyerlein, Florence
Bowden, Ruth
Bowles, Ruth
Bradley, Margaret
Bremer, Edna
Brockless, Frances
Brown, Hazel
Brown, Lillian
Brown, Pearl
Brown, Sarah
Case, Meta
Clark, Jessie
Cosendai, Nina
Cowles, Charlotte
Curry, Marion
Dill, Luella
Doersam, Ruth
Dudewicz, Helen
Eckalbar, Elizabeth
Elis, Flora
Eret, Mildred
Farmer, Ethel
Frantom, Bessie
France, Florence
Grandy, Gertrude
Green, Bessie
Groehn, Edna
Gubtil, Florence
Gudritz, Willma
Haensler, Elizabeth
Hammer, Frieda
Hare Fanchon
Harper, Helen
Harris, Cleo
Henny, Alice
Herrmann, Louise
Hill, Hazel
Hodgson, Hazel
Hoffmann, Esther
Huber, Irma
Hughes, Blochwign
Jerome, Nellie
Johnson, Viola
Kerns, Lora
Koerner, Laura
Kohlagen, Edith
Kuhl, Ruth
Lau, Minnie
Lebsch, Ella
Longstreet, Dorothy
Loveland, Katherine
McCormick, Lisette
McCrosson, Cecile
McGlaughlin, Anne
McLeod, Helen
Malt, Louisa
Manley, Ida
Marshall, Laura
Merrill, Helen
Mueller, Daisy
Mundell, Edna
Nau, Rosa
Nesbitt, Dorothy
Niedbalsha, Lottie
O'Donnell, Monica
O'Gorman, Sadie
Oppermann, Eleanor
Owen, Dous
Packard, Miriam
Parent, Olive
Parshall, Pearl
Perry, Adele Marion
Perry, May
Phillips, Marguerite
Platt, Marion
Pockett, Alma
Polson, Leah
Popp, Laura
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Reif, Agnes
Rettmann, Luella
Richards, Ethel
Riedel, Florence
Robins, Florence
Roney, Beatrice
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Ryckman, Hazel
Saul, Esther
Sauffer, Gladys
Schnautz, Frances
Schneider, Edith
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Scott, Ida
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Shreve, Zella
Shuart, Olive
Silhavy, Victoria
Simpson, Imogene
Sippel, Vera
Sleamon, Helen
Smith, Donelda
Smith, Era
Smith, Grace
Sonner, Myrtle
Spencer, Florence
Sperling, Mamie
Steininger, Erna
Stewart, Lottie
Stolz, Marie
Stranahan, Bernice
Strong, Tessie
Vasold, Mildred
Wagner, Ruth
Wallsling, Marvle
Wallace, Anna
Wallace, Hazel
Wallace, Marie
Walker, Hazel
Warnemuende, Bernice
Washington, Edna
Webber, Helen
Werner, Louise
Wienke, Mae
Wilkinson, Marion
Willis, Helen
Winkler, Helen
Winkle, Lois
Witherell, Jessie
Wolfe, Mabel
Wunder, Agnes
Zacharias, Pauline
Zarnko, Laura

MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1915.

Adrian, Paul
Ahlborn, Clarence
Andryklowski, Joseph
Archangel, Dante
Asbeck, Harold
Bandemer, William
Barth, George
Behse, Joseph
Blaisdell, Theodore
Brandi, James
Brass, Harold
Bromm, Carl
Brown, Clarence
Brown, Stuart
Bryant, Elbert
Buck, Marshall
Bush, Goebel
Carman, Arthur
Catterfeld, Walter
Chamberlain, George
Cole, Floyd
Corrigan, Sherley
Crosson, Ross
Cummings, Clarence
Decker, George
Doerr, Walter
Dwan, Herbert
Edelhoff, Robert
Ewen, Howard
Farmer, Fred
Fellows, Floyd
Finch, Harold
Fox, Munro
Gibson, Harry
Gore, Raymond
Gould, George
Granse, Waldo
Granville, Earl
Gray, Carl
Greenway, Lewis
Grierson, Frank
Gudritz, Alfred
Hamather, Hazen
Harris, James
Heck, Frank
Heilbronn, Lawrence
Heim, Henry
Hendricks, Charles
Hesse, Dewey
Holmes, Harold
Hoover, Lavern
Hovey, Harvey
Howson, Stewart
Humphrey, Watts
Hurst, Paul
Izzo, Mike
Jaffke, Walter
Jerome, Clayton
Kennedy, Ray
King, Russel
Kuehl, Karl
Kuntz, Fred
Laesch, Herman
Lamb, Roy
Leach, Joseph
Lecks, Fred
Luellemann, Waldo
McDonald, Wilson
McGee, Donald
McGlaughlin, Lorne
Mangold, Stuart
Martindale, William
Meibeyer, Carl
Metiva, Daniel
Miler, Elmer
Moffit, Joseph
Nauer, Leo
Novak, William
O'Brien, Alfred
Oppermann, Kurt
Pardridge, Walter
Payne, Walter
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Plessner, Thomas
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Prottengeier, Herbert
Quigley, Perrott
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Rheaume, Ralph
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Rossman, Harold
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Schartow, Elmer
Schirmer, Arnold
Schmidt, Frederick
Schneider, Andrew
Sheldon, Alec
Smith, Philip
Smith, Robert
Soule, Russel
Stolz, Fred
Townsend, Richard
Watson, Hamilton
Weadock, Arthur
Wenger, Carroll
Westhoff, Carl
Whaley, Glen
Wickes, John
Wickes, William
Wilber, Gordon
Wilhelm, Henry
Winston, Arthur
Wright, Albert
York, Chester
Zinnicher, Leonard

POST GRADUATES

M.G.

O'Brian Henderson

Walter Warren

LYCEUM

LYCEUM

Lyceum

Colors—Purple and White.

OFFICERS

W. WALLACE.....President
C. BASKINS.....Vice-President
F. SPENCER.....Secretary
D. DRAPER.....Marshal

MEMBERS

W. Brucker
C. Baskins
G. Bliss
W. Burdick
S. Beach
V. Chandler
D. Draper
W. Eastman
E. Elberts
B. Fesler
C. Gaudreau
R. Heagany
O. Henderson
L. Hughes
A. Kaufmann
H. List
R. List
R. Loveland
C. Miller
E. Martin
R. O'Brien
F. Otto
R. Phoenix
H. Staver
J. Schmidt
G. Stanick
F. Schultz
F. Spencer
J. Symons
I. Tracy
W. Warren
W. Wallace
L. Wienke
C. Winston

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HERBERT LIST.....Exchanges

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ANTON KAUFFMANN
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.....Humorous

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MARION GRANDY
HELEN OPPERMANN
.....Social

Debating Team

Last year the Saginaw High school was represented in forensic circles by a debating team composed of Ithamar Tracy, Chester Field and Wilber Brucker. The debate held between this team and that of the Detroit Eastern High was a notable one. The question of "Reciprocity" was uppermost in people's minds at the time and the present Senior class had the distinction of having two members on the team. Since that time nothing has been done to further this commendable feature of our school life. The oratorical and debating contests are supposed to represent the best of the public speaking sections. Surely something ought to be done next year concerning this.

Why not a Valley Debating Association?

THE TENGEAN SCHOOL
1968
Marion
Grandy

THENCEAN SOCIETY

Thencean Society

Colors—Dark Blue and Silver.

OFFICERS

HELEN OPPERMANN.....President
CATHARINE GAGE.....Vice-President
HELEN GRANDY.....Secretary
MARJORIE KUEHL.....Treasurer
ORA WALLACE.....Marshal

MEMBERS

Karla Bierle
Frances Brady
Lucy Brooks
Catherine Gage
Helen Grandy
Marion Grandy
Elsa Harris
Elaine Herbert
Myrtle Houlihan
Esther Holland
Marjorie Kuehl
Isabel McCormick
Myrtle Myer
Helen Oppermann
Lenore Otto
Marion Payne
Ora Wallace
Beatrice Warner
Virginia Winship
Naomi Wolcott

Senior Literary Society

OFFICERS

HAROLD FORSYTHE.....President

KATHLEEN PIKE.....Vice-President

MILDRED HARRIS.....Secretary

MEMBERS

Allen, Vera
Bastian, Mame
Bradshaw, Adelaide
Braun, Hugo
Burt, Lucy
Davis, Edward
Feahr, Laura
Fettig, Edwin
Forsythe, Harold
Gemmill, Nina
Graffore, George
Hannon, Frank
Harris, Mildred
Hodges, Robert
Hunter, Margueretta
Jamieson, Lawrence
Kaufman, Minna
Keeler, Linus
Kelly, Esther
Koch, Elsie
Lobb, Grace
Lyman, Irving
McLeod, Charles
Micky, Erma
Mueller, Gertrude
Pequinot, Anna
Pike, Kathleen
Priess, Edwin
Reitter, Harold
Shea, Ruth
Sommer, Augusta
Spence, Arthur
Stockwell, Frank
Sranahan, Elmer
Tibbits, Jeanette
Trinklein, Edwin
Ulrich, Alma
Vorwerck, Clifford
Wagner, Earl
Whatley, Mabel
White, Marjorie
Youmans, Edwin
Zwerk, Macie

ALMA ULRICH
1912

AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY

American Literary Society

Colors—Maroon and White.

OFFICERS

RUTH PERRY.....President
JESSIE STACEY.....Vice-President
ROSEL LEACH.....Secretary
MARTHA VOLZ.....Treasurer
NELLIE GREEN.....Marshal

MEMBERS

Bradt, Loraine
Browne, Mildred
Cole, Ethel
Craig, Carolyn
Duryea, Grace
Frueh, Helen
Green, Jane
Green, Nellie
Hebert, Mae
Hoerner, Margaret
Jaeger, Irmgarde
Jones, Inez
Kerns, Hazel
Leach, Rosel
Lucas, Grace
Maloney, Cecelia
Martindale, Ernestine
Patterson, Clara
Perry, Ruth
Rahal, Norma
Robertson, Ruth
Rupp, Hilda
Schmidt, Elsie
Stacey, Jessie
Stauber, Lola
Thal, Rena
Tracy, Rachel
Veitengruber, Florence
Volz, Frieda
Volz, Martha
Westhoff, Helen
Wienke, Emma
Wrege, Verda

G. C. L. S.

G. C. L. S.

G. C. L. S.

Critic—Miss Goeschel.

Colors—Blue and White.

OFFICERS

MAUDE FISCHER.....President
HELEN WOODRUFF.....Vice-President
JEAN LIDDLE.....Secretary
CORDUELA ZUEHLKE.....Treasurer
MARTHA OTTO.....Marshal

MEMBERS

Allen, Margaret
Brown, Anna
Karr, Charlotte
Crawford, Bertha
Fischer, Maud
Grow, Meta
Haas, Louise
Heim, Lenora
Herman, Anna
Kalzow, Esther
Kenny, Jessie
Kerns, Blanche
Klumpp, Erma
Kurtz, Charlotte
Leaning, Marguerite
Liddle, Jean
McGregor, Jeannie
Mollhagen, Mae
Marskey, Edna
Marskey, Myrtle
Neuman, Gertrude
Oakley, Helen
Otto, Martha
Pinkerton, Ophelia
Parsons, Anna
Parth, Susan
Roeser, Gladys
Shaughnessy, Margaret
Smith, Fern
Schwartz, Esther
Whitney, Florence
Woodruff, Helen
Wrege, Edith
Zuehlke, Cordula

MUSIC

Music

"Music Doth Charm the Ear."

As the present school year draws to a close, we may look back with satisfaction on the development and increasing desire for music. The music department has practically grown to its present standard during our time in school. Every effort for encouraging a better muical education has been put forth. The equipment of the music room has been greatly improved by the addition of a player-piano for recital work. Text books for the study of music have also been added to this year. These improvements are of much value to the pupils, as they have the opportunity of studying and hearing music to perfection.

We have at present only two musical organizations in the school, the Amphion composed of girls, and the Glee Club composed of male voices. The membership of each of the clubs has reached a higher mark than ever before. Previous to this time, Orchestra and Mandolin clubs have been organized every year.

For the last two years they have been out of existence. The fact that these clubs at one time were declared indispensible, proves they have disappeared not through lack of necessity but through negligence only. We hope next year we may have the opportunity and pleasure of hearing a Saginaw High School Orchestra or Mandolin Club play. The orchestra under able direction is one of the best means of bringing out our future musicians at an early period. It is not only valuable in this way, but is also of much use in making our musical plays a success, as well as aiding in the success of all school functions.

Two years ago the opera "Pinafore" was given by the Amphion and Glee Clubs. This proved a great success, the proceeds were given to the alumni, to aid in paying for the "Athletic Field Gate." It was sincerely hoped by all participants, that the clubs of future years would

follow their steps. For two years after this great event, nothing has been done. This year the Glee Club and Lyceum planned to give a musical comedy, but on account of the inability to obtain a capable director the plans were not carried out.

The Amphion, this year, is under the able direction of Mrs. K. M. B. Wilson. The girls have been a great credit to the school on all of their appearances. They have worked hard, and have shown their ability to sing well when called on.

The Glee Club got an unusually early start. After electing officers, they started right in for business. The result has been that, their public appearances have been greater than ever before, and on every occasion. Under the presidency of Mr. Walter Burdick the club has finally become recognized as an existing element in the social life of the school. Miss Steinbach has proved invaluable as a directress. A quartette was formed from the Glee Club, consisting of Walter Burdick, Arthur Beach, Fred Ostler and Earl Wagner, which altho new, showed pleasing results.

Music is a positive force for culture in a community,—a force, the power of which can be realized when musicians and music lovers work for the common cause and for the public benefit. Of the many forms of cultural activity there is none, which makes the same universal appeal, as music. Public interest in music has increased and is growing year by year. The public school is one of the many agencies now seeking to develop a wide-spread and intelligent appreciation of good music. Every town should strive for the support and improvement of a sound musical atmosphere.

The citizens have had unusual opportunities, during the past year, to hear good music. The splendid Auditorium has been the means of bringing many world-renowned artists and organizations, before Saginaw audiences. It has afforded us the privilege of hearing Madame Schumann-Heink, Madame Lillian Nordica, Jan Kubelik and the Minneapolis Orchestra.

The function of a musical education is to guide the artistic taste of the great public to a love and an appreciation of the BEST in music. Surely this year has been a successful one in the way of music.

EARL WAGNER.

QUARTETTE

GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

OFFICERS

MISS STEINBACH.....Directress
WALTER BURDICK.....President
EARL WAGNER.....Secretary-Treasurer
LESLIE HUGHES.....Librarian
HELEN WESTHOFF.....Accompanist

MEMBERS

First Tenor

F. Osler H. Staver C. Vorwerck

Second Tenor

A. Beach D. Hanaford C. Winston
B. Henderson

First Bass

W. Burdick F. Reider F. Spencer
R. List L. Hughes

Second Bass

A. Spence W. Brucker H. Forsythe
C. Gaudreau E. Wagner
D. Chandler

AMPHION CLUB

Amphion Club

OFFICERS

MRS. WILSON.....Directress
EDITH FIELD.....President
ERMA KLUMPP.....Vice-President
JANE GREEN.....Secretary-Treasurer
KATHRYN KELLAR.....Librarian
LORAINE BRADT.....Pianist

MEMBERS

First Soprano

Vera Allen Ella Lebsch Harriet Brown
Hazel Hodgson Erma Klumpp

Second Soprano

Kathryn Kellar Jane Green Rachel Tracy
Inez Jones Edith Field

First Alto

Margaret Myer Eva Smith Louise Werner
Alice Henny

Second Alto

Ruth Perry Mae Hebert
Nora Bau

Marion
Grandy
'12

Saginaw High School Athletic Association

Colors—Black and Gold.

YELL

Een—dica—deen—dica—fada—dica—fum,
Een—nica—bola—een—nica—fola,
Eeen—dica—deen—dica—fada—dica—fum.
Saginaw High School!
Ziz! Rah! Boom!

OFFICERS

WILLIAM EASTMAN.....President
ORA WALLACE.....Vice-President
R. LOVELAND.....Secretary and Treasurer

BOARD OF CONTROL

WILLIAM EASTMAN.....President
RUFUS LOVELAND.....Secretary and Treasurer
ERNEST ELBERT.....Senior Representative
ED. MEIBEYER.....Junior Representative
FRANK LOESCH.....Sophomore Representative

CAPTAINS

RAY HEAGANY.....Football
CECIL BASKINS (Captain elect).....Football
CECIL BASKINS.....Baseball
RUFUS LOVELAND.....Track
ERNEST ELBERT.....Basket Ball

MANAGERS

WILLIAM STECKERT.....Football
HUGH MATHESON.....Baseball
JUNE ROBERTSON.....Track
FRANK SPENCER.....Basket-ball

Faculty Members

PRIN. W. W. WARNER JOHN E. TANIS JOHN W. MITCHELL
FRANZ DREIER

Wearers of the

"S"

TRACK.

Loveland
Fesler
Robertson
Davis
Wienke
Campbell
Heagany
O'Donell

BASEBALL.

C. Baskins
Topham
Mathewson
Rice
F. Baskins
Wolf
H. List
Harbin
Meibeyer
Draper

FOOTBALL.

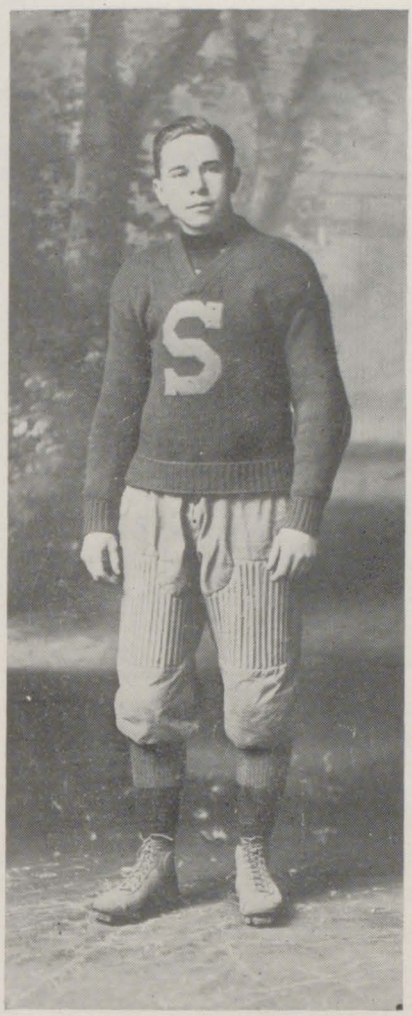
Heagany
Gaudreau
Baskins
Hughes
Steckert
Fesler
Runchey
Fettig
French
List
Robertson
Davis
Whaley
Phoenix

BASKET-BALL.

Heagany
Elbert
Steckert
Fesler
Eastman
Meibeyer
Spencer

FOOT BALL

FOOTBALL TEAM



BASKINS, Captain

GAUDREAU .....Quarter
FRENCH.....Left Half
BASKINS (Captain).....Full Back
ROBERTSON.....Right Half

Subs.

POLSON, PHOENIX, RUNCHEY, TROY.

STECKERT, Manager

LINE-UP.

FESLER.....Left End
FETTIG.....Left Tackle
DAVIS.....Left Guard
WHALEY .....Center
HUGHES.....Right Guard
LIST.....Right Tackle
STECKERT.....Right End

RAY HEAGANY, Ex-Captain

Football

Early in September Captain Heagany issued his call for football candidates. One of the largest turnouts ever witnessed was the result. Tall ones, lean ones, fat ones, every kind of would-be players turned out. The prospects were bright when Hughes, List, Fettig, Steckert, Fesler, Baskins and Captain Heagany donned their skins. In a few days Gaudreau came forth from his lodge and our hopes went high only in a few days to be struck down by the injury and subsequent loss of our Captain Ray Heagany.

When it had been finally seen that Ray couldn't play, the team elected Cecil Baskins to pilot their fortunes. Too much cannot be said of the latter's ability after he had taken up the team at a time when Saginaw's fortunes were low.

EDITOR.

SAGINAW vs. ALMA.

Out played and out generalled Alma high school went down to defeat at the hands of the Saginaw high school team. The field was in poor condition which made the playing rather slow.

Alma could do nothing against the black and gold's line and the Saginaw ends more than held their own. The Saginaw forwards frequently broke through and threw Alma's backs for losses.

The Saginaw's backfield was used almost entirely in carrying the ball. Gaudreau was the particular star, although he was closely followed by Captain Baskins.

Score—Saginaw, 11; Alma 0.

SAGINAW vs. BAY CITY (E).

After gamely battling a heavier and more experienced foe to a stand-still on a slippery field for two periods, Saginaw succumbed to a relentless attack of the undefeated Bay City school eleven at Clarkson Park, November 4th, 27 to 0. It had been seven years since a Bay City team had triumphed over the Black and Gold.

It was a big day for Bay City. The business aroused spirit and engaged a band to help the cause.

THE GAME.

At the first kick off Saginaw carried Bay City off their feet and all but swept across their line, only to be held and penalized. Saginaw clearly out played Bay City in the first half.

But after that it was a different story. Saginaw were forced to shift their line up because of injuries and the star men were repeatedly laid out.

To Harry Schultz, the Eastern left half, belongs the lion's share of the day's glory. His brother and Carman Smith were his main supporters.

The light Saginaw backs played a strong game. Gaudreau being often in the limelight. Robertson, French and Baskins all came through with long gains. Fesler's tackling, which was hard and sure, figured prominently in the struggle.

SAGINAW vs. MT. PLEASANT.

After playing listlessly in hard luck in the first half, the speedy Saginaw High school gridiron warriors struck their stride in the two remaining periods and completely smothered the Mt. Pleasant eleven by a score of 35 to 0.

The visitors displayed but a vague knowledge of the rudiments of the gridiron game. They ran with the ball poorly, and their tackling was crude. Wickett's punting was the best feature of Mt. Pleasant's play. French and Gaudreau were the most consistent ground gainers for the Black and Gold, while Robertson, Baskins and Fesler were "there" at all times.

SAGINAW vs. ITHACA.

With a gale blowing across the field at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and a field which might be called an Irish bog, Saginaw defeated Ithaca High at Ithaca after a slow but hard-fought game. The Ithaca team was perhaps the heaviest team that Saginaw has encountered this season. A center of 240 pounds, a backfield averaging 170 pounds, with the rest of the line but a trifle less, their weight would have been a credit to any college, but their knowledge of foot ball could be compared to grammar school elevens. By reason of the heavy field and the gale nothing but straight foot ball was employed, wherein the beef of Ithaca told very plainly. However, the Saginaw line fought for every inch they advanced and so always managed to keep them clear of Saginaw's goal line. Through good line plunging by Baskins and Gaudreau the ball was finally carried within eighteen yards of Ithaca's gaol from where Gaudreau placed a pretty drop kick between the goal posts.

The rest of the game was mere wading through mud and water with the ball in Ithaca's territory most of the time. Neither team was able to come near each other's goal and the game ended with a score of

Saginaw 3, Ithaca 0.

SAGINAW vs. BAY CITY (E).

Bay City Eastern came up to play Saginaw to a standstill, but it was just the other way, for Saginaw out-played them at all stages of the game, and when Eastern walked from alumni field they had won one of the flukiest victories which a foot ball eleven had ever won. After being tossed about and having the ball inside their own thirty yard line, time and time again during the forty minutes of actual playing, they succeeded in crossing Saginaw's line for a touchdown on a fluke.

Saginaw was three times within Bay City's five yard line and attempted six field goals. The Saginaw backs ripped through their heavy line, which the down river boys presented, at will and tore off gains from ten to twenty yards.

In the fourth quarter with two minutes left to play, Saginaw took the ball to Bay City's three-yard line, but were penalized. Then Billy Schultz got the ball and the whistle blew. Umpire Munson had called Saginaw for off-side. With blowing of whistle, the Saginaw players stopped and did not attempt to tackle Schultz who kept on and crossed the line for a touchdown.

Bay City's claim to the state championshlp received a decided set back after their performance in this game. If Detroit Central or Muskegon ever could get their hands on Bay City, there would not be enough Bay City players left at the end of the game for them to continue to play.

BASKETBALL

BASKETBALL TEAM

LINE-UP

STECKERT .....Forward
SPENCER (Manager).....Forward
ELBERTS (Captain).....Center
HEAGANY .....Guard
EASTMAN .....Guard

Subs.

MEIBEYER.....Forward and Guard
MILLER .....Forward

GAMES.

	Opponents.	Saginaw.
Alumni	14	21
Arthur Hill	16	38
Grand Rapids	22	20
Mt. Pleasant	19	28
Bay City	14	27
West Branch	16	60
Detroit Central	20	32
Arthur Hill	3	64
Bay City	9	50
Total	133	340

Basket Ball

SAGINAW vs. ALUMNI.

Saginaw High school opened the 1912 basket ball season Friday evening by defeating the Alumni team 21 to 14. The game was fast and hard fought and rather rough with the younger team more able to stand the gruelling. The visitors failed to get "together" until after the first half, but after that made a good showing.

They battled evenly, and seven minutes elapsed before the undergrads drew blood, Steckert tossing the first basket. The entire half was hard fought and at the finish the score stood 6 to 4 with the High School on top.

The second period was played more openly and many more baskets were thrown. It was not long before all doubts as to who the winner would be, vanished.

Steckert and Elberts scored all but three of the winners points, the former shooting four baskets and the latter one shooting five baskets. Heagany starred in defensive work. Bradley and Green starred for the Alumni.

SAGINAW vs. ARTHUR HILL.

Fighting against a more experienced foe the Arthur Hill team was defeated by a score of 38 to 16.

The east siders showed a greater knowledge of the game and with plenty of confidence were aggressive. Arthur Hill played almost entirely on the defensive, but fought hard even after they were out of the running.

The winners took an early lead, Steckert getting the first basket after a few minutes. The first half ended with the score standing 22 to 7.

Arthur Hill had the advantage in the first few minutes of the last period. Saginaw had considerable difficulty in locating the rim from any angle. The half ended 16 to 9.

Heagany starred for Saginaw playing a fine game at forward. Buell and Zuber starring for Arthur Hill.

SAGINAW vs. GRAND RAPIDS.

Saginaw journeyed down to Grand Rapids Friday to meet the strong Grand Rapids basket ball team and after a hard and snappy game Saginaw was defeated by a score of 22 to 20.

The game started with a jump and after a hard fight the half ended with a score of 8 to 5 with Grand Rapids on the long end of the score.

The scoring was rapid and sensational in the last half. The score for this half was 14 to 15 in favor of Grand Rapids.

Saginaw made every concession for another game, being confident of victory on a neutral floor, but the furniture city bunch had "cold feet."

SAGINAW vs. MT. PLEASANT.

Saginaw journeyed down tô Mt. Pleasant to play a practice game with the team representing Mt. Pleasant high.

Although playing in a small 2x4 hall, Saginaw defeated Mt. Pleasant by a score of 28 to 19.

As it was impossible to secure the college gym, the game had to be played in the high school gym, which was very small. The entire Saginaw team played well with Steckert and Elbert as bright lights for Saginaw.

SAGINAW vs. WEST BRANCH.

Saginaw defeated West Branch in our own gym, Friday evening by the large and overwhelming score fo 60 to 16.

From the time the game started until it ended the visitors were outclassed by our fast fire, our boys throwing baskets from any angles.

Every man in our team played to perfection, each man getting two or more points. Hooper starred for West Branch.

SAGINAW vs. BAY CITY EASTERN.

Saginaw journeyed to Bay City and beat Coach Carvers five by a score of 22 to 14. Carver's five intended to beat the Saginaw team but utterly failed in the attempt.

Saginaw started off in the lead when Elbert shot a basket from the middle of the floor. Steckert soon followed with another.

Steckert, Elberts and Melbeyer starred for Saginaw, while Schultz starred for Bay City.

SAGINAW vs. DETROIT CENTRAL.

With the best of form and with the most formidable quintet that has represented our school in recent years, we invaded Detroit Central's own domain and defeated them for the first time in the history of Saginaw High by a score of 32 to 20.

From the start of the game to the end the two teams raced up and down the floor, showing their fine team work. Elbert our star center played a fine game at center, getting the jump on his man every time. Spencer also showed up well in throwing baskets. Heagany our short but fast guard played the game of his life, guarding his man every minute and sticking to him like glue.

Speaking of the game itself it was one continuous reel of action from beginning to end.

Johnson and Clarke did the work for Detroit.

SAGINAW vs. ARTHUR HILL.

Again Saginaw high met our everlasting rivals and again we beat them. This time we snowed them under by a score of 64 to 3. The game was very fast and exciting. Elberts, Steckert, Heagany and Spencer all did their duty in getting baskets. Eastman our new guard played a fine game and was one of the main stars.

Winship starred for Arthur Hill.

SAGINAW vs. BAY CITY (EASTERN).

Still keeping our good record of victories, we beat Bay City Eastern by a score of 50 to 9. Bay City's only chance to get points were on fouls.

ERNEST ELBERTS, Captain

"Cap" certainly did live up to his ambition of captaining a winning team in a most capable manner. He always got the jump on his man and is one of the best centers in the country. He has not a word of praise that is not due him. He led the team to a state championship.

"Kit" was one of the most slippery men that ever donned a Saginaw basket-ball suit. He made baskets from every angle on the floor with an accuracy that was remarkable. He makes the second of his family to win high praise for his basket-ball record in the S. H. S. He deserves much credit for his management of the team, in which capacity his executive ability always showed.

FRANK SPENCER, Manager

Ray is there with the "pep" all the while. He stuck to his man like a bull dog at a tramp. His experience gained in former games made him ready for anything his opponent could spring. Saginaw loses a valuable player in this boy.

RAY HEAGANY

WILLIAM STECKERT

William, "Bill," is one of the fastest of the fast. He shot baskets as fast as Willie Hoppe could "scratch." When "Bill" entered the game the opposing team got seven recruit guards warmed up for instant use, and one by one they made for the cyclone cellar. The aforesaid "Bill" is a whirlwind and should lead his team to another state championship next year.

WILLIAM EASTMAN

This boy played his first year on the team. His record is fine. He guarded his man with extreme carefulness and passed with accuracy. He preferred "team-work" to "grand-stand" which surely shows his class.

Ed was a utility which could be and was used in every position. He could fit himself to his job in an instant and will undoubtedly be one of next year's mainstays.

EDWIN MEIBEYER

CARL MILLER

Carl is a boy of great promise. Although he did not play a position steadily, he was a fine Forward and with Steckert, Eastman and Meibeyer will form a nucleus for a fine team next year.

BASEBALL

Base Ball

As a nucleus for this year's team there were Captain Baskins, Manager Mathewson, Topham, Meibeyer and Draper. The latter being unable to play the entire season. The rest of the team had to be picked from raw material, with the exception of H. List who had starred on the Frankenmuth teams. A good pitcher was found in F. Baskins, who did excellent work for his first year on the team. Captain Baskins deserves a good deal of credit for the showing the team made.

CHESANING vs. SAGINAW.

In the first game of the season at Alumni Field Chesaning was defeated 22 to 2. Saginaw drove three pitchers from the box. They swung on the ball unmercifully knocking it all over the field. F. Baskins proved to a find on the pitching staff, as he was very stingy to the Chesaning players. List, a new man, also proved to be a find, as he was in the game all the time and a heavy hitter. C. Baskins (Capt.) did good work behind the bat.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		R	H	E
Chesaning	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—	2	6	6
Saginaw	2	6	3	4	3	2	2	0	*	—	22	17	1

Batteries—Johnson, Schroeder, Chilton and Chilton and Smith; F. Baskins and C. Baskins.

BAY CITY EASTERN vs. SAGINAW.

Saginaw was shut out by Bay City. The score was 6 to 0. Eastern got a very few hits but they were lucky enough to come at the right time, which enabled them to win the game. Burgdorff of Bay City was in good form allowing but three hits.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		R	H	E
Saginaw	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0	3	4
Bay City.....	0	1	2	2	1	0	0	0	*	—	6	7	1

Batteries—C. Baskins and F. Baskins; Burgdorff and Dangel.

ARTHUR HILL vs. SAGINAW.

In a burlesque game Saginaw was defeated 15 to 12. It rained early in the afternoon and the captains of both teams thought it best to postpone the game, but to please the fans agreed to play a practice game. At the end of the ninth, each team had scored nine times and it was getting dark, but the game continued through ten innings, which ended with Arthur Hill on the big end of the score.

Lorenzen was pounded to the utmost and was removed in the fifth. Winship took his place, much to the sorrow of Saginaw. H. List was the man with the stick, getting four hits, while Topham and I. Ippell each got three.

Another game will be played later in the season as this one does not count.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R
Arthur Hill	4	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	2	4 —	15
Saginaw	0	4	0	0	7	0	0	0	0	1 —	12

BAY CITY EASTERN vs. SAGINAW.

Oh! "Revenge is sweet." Bay City was given a good drubbing for the defeat it handed Saginaw early in the season. F. Baskins was in different form than before and surprised the Bay City swatters. Burgdorff had also changed since the last meeting, only his change was for the worse, as he was removed in the third. Mathewson, C. Baskins and Rice showed their ability to hit.

The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Bay City	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0 —	3	7	3
Saginaw	3	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	* —	7	12	2

Batteries—Burgdorff, Hamilton and Dangel; F. Baskins and C. Baskins.

BASEBALL TEAM

CECIL BASKINS, Captain

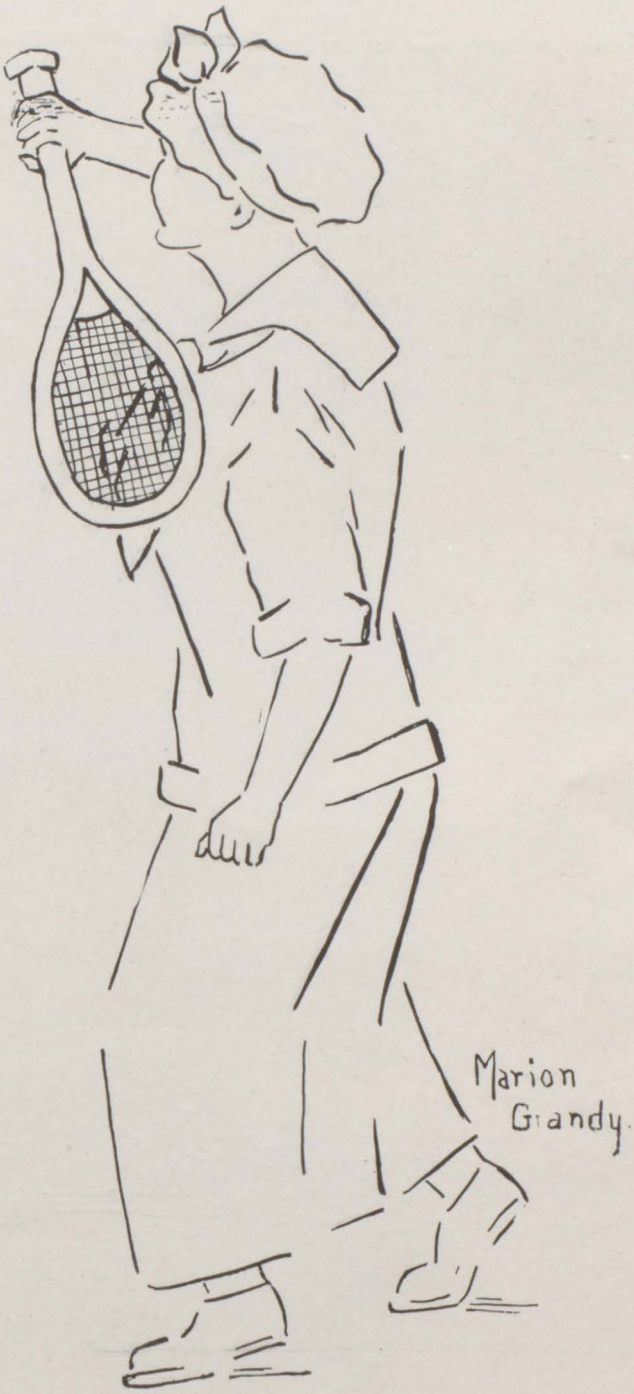
LINE-UP.

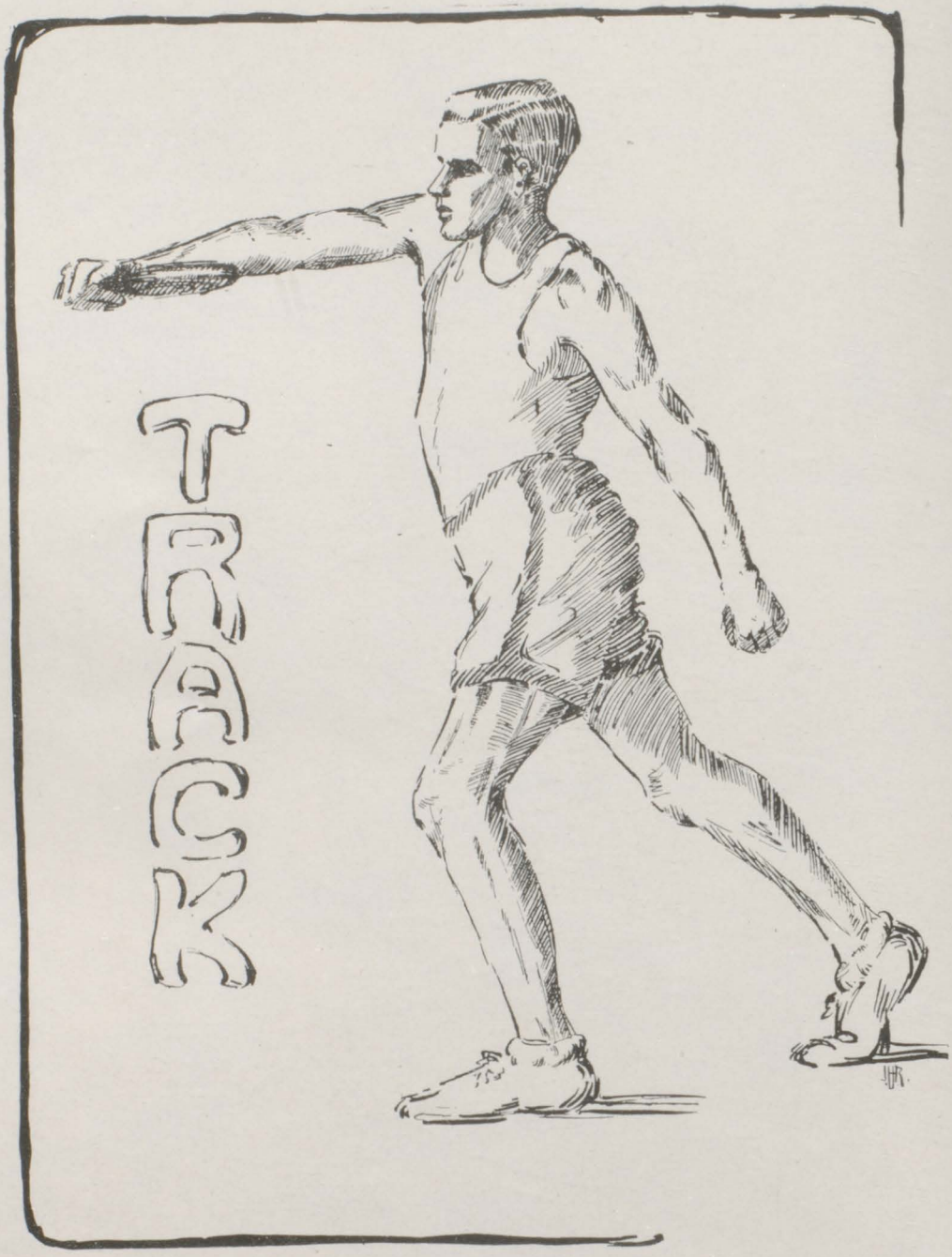
BASKINS, C (Captain).....Catcher
BASKINS, F.....Pitcher
MATHEWSON (Manager).....Third Base
MEIBEYER.....First Base
TOPHAM.....Left Field
DRAPER.....Center Field
RICE.....Second Base
WOLF.....Center Field
LIST, H.....Short Stop

GAMES.

	Opponents.	Saginaw.
Chesaning	2	22
Bay City Eastern	6	0
Arthur Hill	12	12
Bay City Eastern	3	7
Millington	14	4
	40	45

HUGH MATHEWSON, Manager


Marion
Grandy.


TRACK

Annual Indoor Track Meet

For the past two years the Senior track men have challenged the rest of the school to an indoor meet. Because of lack of material, the seniors could not carry out the custom this year. In place of this, a meet was arranged with the Seniors and Sophomores against the Juniors and Freshmen. As soon as the meet was announced all the athletes and near athletes turned out for their respective teams. The turnout was undoubtedly the largest in the history of the school. On Friday, March 22, the event was pulled off.

Loveland, the star middle distance runner easily landed first in the 440 and 880-yard runs, as was expected.

Robertson, the versatile little fellow, was the individual star of the meet, carrying off 14¾ points. Davis was second high man for the Juniors and Freshmen, getting 11 points. Wienke was high man for the Seniors and Sophs., with 11 points. Francke made a remarkable leap in the high jump, clearing 5 feet 4 inches from the gym. floor. Campbell and O'Donell did good work in the sprints. Fesler won the pole vault with ease.

During the first part of the meet it looked as though the Seniors and Sophs. would be easy winners but their opponents gradually drew away and in the end were 15 points ahead.

SUMMARY.

440-yard Dash—Loveland (J.F.), first; Wienke (S.S) second; Watson (J.F.), third. Time, 1:02 3/5.

Mile Run—Wienke (S.S.), first; Seely (S.S.), second; Whaley (J.F.), third. Time, 5:13 4/5.

Shot Put—Whaley (J.F.), first; Francke (S.S.), second; Heagany (S.S.), third. Distance, 38 feet 7 inches.

High Jump—Francke (S.S.), first; Davis (J.F.), second; Robertson (J.F.), Mulholland (S.S.) tie for third. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Three-lap Dash—O'Donell (J.F.), first; Campbell (S.S.), second; Robertson (J.F.), third. Time 23:4/5.

Pole Vault—Fesler (S.S.), first; Whaley, Robertson (J.F.) tie for second. Height, 9 feet.

Running Broad Jump—Robertson (J.F.), first; R. Davis (J.F.), second; E. Davis (S.S.), third. Distance, 19 feet.

Half Mile—Loveland (J.F.), first; Wienke (S.S.), second; Seely (S.S.), third. Time, 2:22 2/5.

Standing Broad Jump—R. Davis (J.F.), first; Robertson (J.F.), second; Heagany (S.S.), third. Distance, 9 feet 11 inches.

35-yard Dash—O'Donell (J.F.), first; Campbell (S.S.), second. Time, :04 2/5.

Relay—Junior-Freshmen, first.

TRACK TEAM

RUFUS LOVELAND, Captain

LINE-UP.

LOVELAND (Captain)—440, 880, Relay.

ROBERTSON (Manager) — 440, Broad Jump, Pole Vault, Relay.

WIENKE—440, 880, Mile.

O'DONELL—220, High Hurdles, Low Hurdles, Relay.

CAMPBELL—100, 220, Relay.

R. DAVIS—High Jump, Discus, Hammer, Relay.

E. DAVIS—Broad Jump, High Jump.

FETTIG—Shot, Hammer.

HEAGANY—Discus.

WHALEY — Mile, Pole Vault, Shot, Discus, Hammer.

MULHOLLAND—High Jump, 220.

SEELY—880, Mile.

ALL-SCHOOL MEET

Senior-Soph., 46. Junior-Fresh., 61

VALLEY MEET

School.	Points.
Bay City Eastern	53
Saginaw	40
Alpena	28
West Branch	16
Flint	10
Bay City Western	4
Arthur Hill	2

New Marks Hung Up.

High Jump—5 ft. 6¾ inches..R. Davis, Saginaw
Mile Run—4:53.....Sheldon, West Branch
Half-mile Run—2:10$^{2}/_{5}$..Sheldon, West Branch

The Saginaw High Points.

R. Davis	10¾
Robertson	9
O'Donnell	6¾
Campbell	5¾
E. Davis	2
Fettig	2
Wienke	1
Whaley	1
Heagany	1
Loveland	¾

JUNE ROBERTSON, Manager

NINTH ANNUAL

Saginaw Valley Interscholastic Track Meet

At the beginning of the season the prospects for a winning team were very good. There were Captain Loveland, Manager Robertson, Wienke, Davis and Heagany of last year's "S" men. Among the new men, were Francke, O'Donell and Campbell, all of whom looked like sure point-winners. The team did well considering the lack of practice, on account of continuous rain. A meet scheduled with Bay City was postponed three times on account of rain. When the Valley Meet came the team was in poor condition, but did remarkably well.

VALLEY MEET.

The ninth annual S. V. A. A. meet was held at Alumni Field, June 1, before a large crowd. The day was ideal. There were more athletes entered than ever before in the history of the meet.

Carmen Smith of Bay City was individual star, getting away with 23¼ points. Bay City won the meet for the first time, while Saginaw winner of six banners was second, 13 points behind Bay City.

Roy Davis of Saginaw broke the high jump record by leaping 5 feet 6¾ inches. Sheldon, the deer chaser from West Branch, won the mile in record time of 4:53, and the half in 2:10 2/5. He was having a jolly chat with his team mate, McKay, in both races. Robertson easily landed first in the broad jump. Campbell and O'Donell did fine work for their first meet, the former getting third in the century, and second in the 220, giving C. Smith a good run in each. O'Donell landed second in the high hurdles and third in the low.

One of the disappointments of the meet was the poor showing Saginaw made in the distance runs, in which she was considered a strong contender. Captain Loveland was physically unable to compete in his special event, the half mile.

Corbin starred for Alpena, winning the quarter, and picked up points to total of 14½.

The prettiest race of the day was the relay. Saginaw led up to one hundred yards from the finish. Loveland started and gave a lead of about 20 yards to Davis who lost not more than two or three yards. O'Donell was next, but he was weak from the former running, and lost all but about ten yards, to Schultz of Bay City. Campbell started with this lead angainst Smith of Bay City, but he also was weak and Smith passed him at the 100-yard mark, and won by about a yard.

With exception of the high jump and broad jump, which were won by Davis and Robertson respectively, the marks in the field events were mediocre.

At the beginning, it looked as if the meet was to be between Bay City and Alpena, the same as last year, but Saginaw pulled ahead and far out-distanced all contenders except Bay City.

The meet was a great success owing to the management by J. E. Tanis and his assistants, J. Rudolph List, Herbert List, Frank Christopher Spencer, Cecil Baskins, Walter Warren and Hugo Braun, all of Saginaw East Side High Sshool.

SUMMARY

100-yard Dash—C. Smith, Bay City, first; Corbin, Alpena, second; Campbell, Saginaw, third; Craighead, Alpena, fourth. Time, 10 3/5 seconds.

Shot Put—P. Smith, Bay City, first; McDonald, Alpena, second; Everhard, Flint, third; Fettig, Saginaw, fourth. Distance, 37 feet, 8 inches.

440-yard Dash—Corbin, Alpena, first; Craighead, Alpena, second; Sheldon, Bay City, third; Robertson, Saginaw, fourth. Time, 55 seconds.

Broad Jump—Robertson, Saginaw, first; C. Smith, Bay City, second; R. Davis, Saginaw, third; E. Davis, Saginaw, fourth. Distance, 20 feet, ½ inch.

220-yard Low Hurdles—C. Smith, Bay City, first; Schultz, Bay City, second; O'Donnell, Saginaw, third; Corbin, Alpena, fourth. Time, 28 4/5 seconds.

High Jump—R. Davis, Saginaw, first; C. Smith, Bay City, second; Everhard, Wildanger, Flint, E. Davis, Saginaw, tied for third. Height, 5 feet, 6¾ inches (record).

Mile Run—Sheldon, West Branch, first; McKay, West Branch, second; Oviatt, Bay City Western, third; Mullin, Flint, fourth. Time, 4:53 (record).

Discus Throw—Schultz, Bay City, first; R. Davis, Saginaw, second; P. Smith, Bay City, third; Heagany, Saginaw, fourth. Distance, 97 feet, 4 inches.

220-yard Dash—C. Smith, Bay City, first; Campbell, Saginaw, second; Craighead, Alpena, third; O'Donnell, Saginaw, fourth. Time, 24 1/5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Wildanger, Flint, first; Robertson, Saginaw, second; Wendland, Bay City, third; Whaley, Saginaw, fourth. Height, 9 feet, 6 inches.

Half Mile—Sheldon, West Branch, first; MacKay, West Branch, second; Oviatt, Bay City Western, third; Wienke, Saginaw, fourth. Time, 2:10 2/5.

Hammer Throw—P. Smith, Bay City, first; McDonald, Alpena, second; Raymond, Arthur Hill, third; Fettig, Saginaw, fourth. Distance, 104 feet, 1 inch.

120-yard High Hurdles—Corbin, Alpena, first; O'Donnell, Saginaw, second; Schultz, Bay City, third; Smith, Bay City, fourth. Time, 17 3/5 seconds.

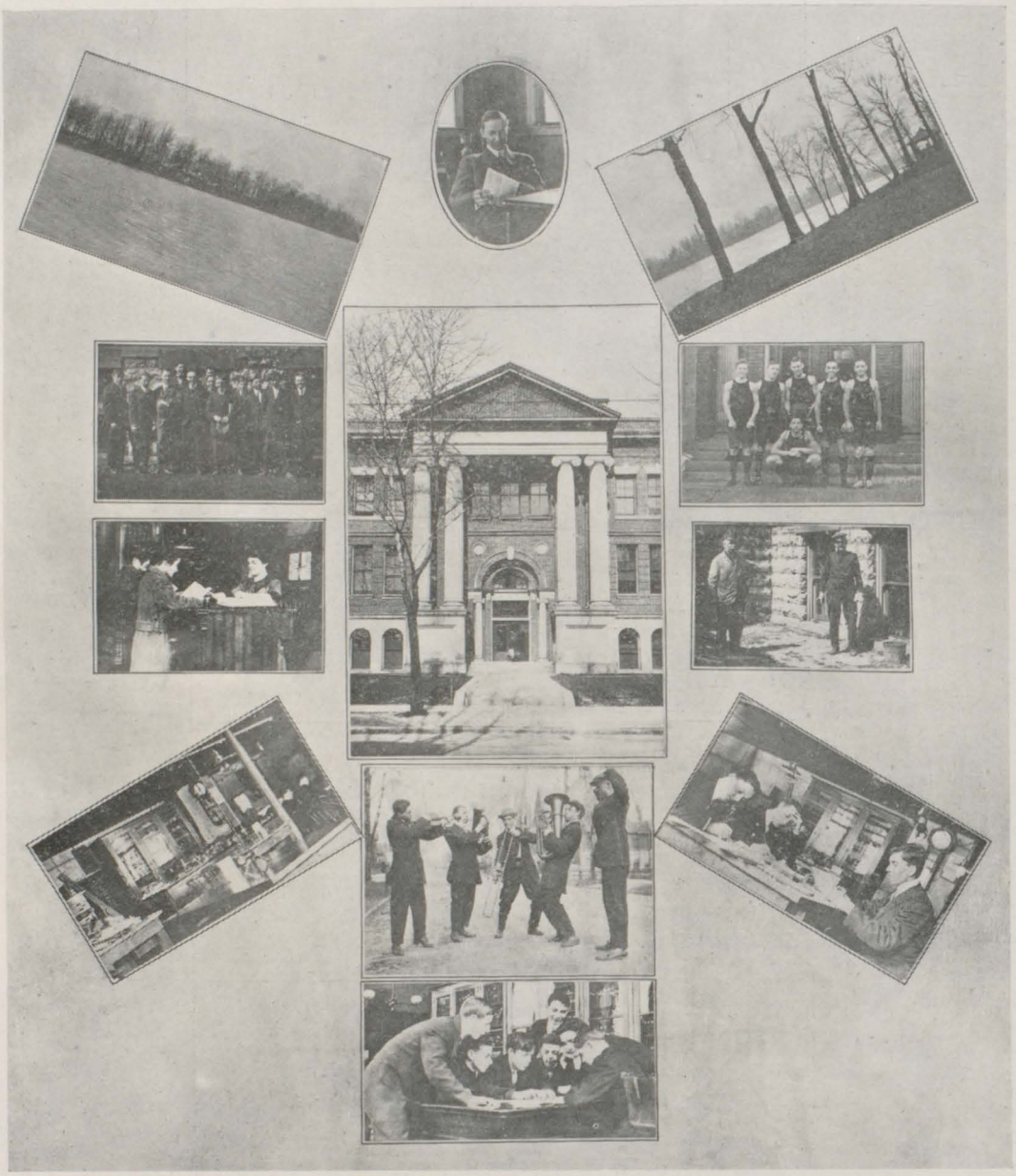
Half-mile Relay—Bay City (Sheldon, Shearer, Schultz, C. Smith), first; Saginaw (Loveland, R. Davis, O'Donnell, Campbell), second; Alpena (Sepull, Leavitt, Craighead, Corbin), third. Time, 1:41.

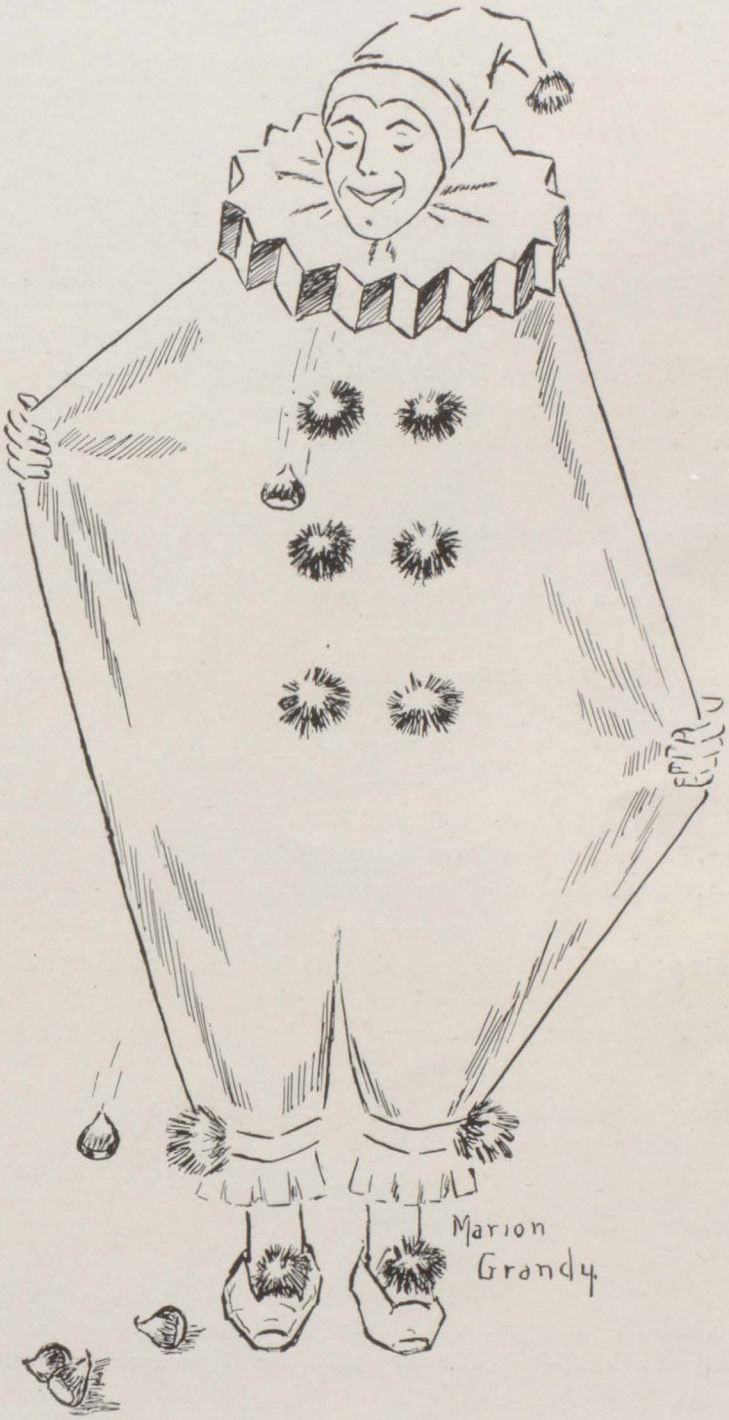
Saginaw High School Track Records.

EVENT	RECORD	BY WHOM HELD	WHEN AND WHERE MADE
100-Yard Dash.....	$10^1/_5$ seconds.....	F. W. Adams..	U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1903.
220-Yard Dash.....	$23^1/_5$ seconds.....	Elmer Chilton..	Port Huron Dual Meet—1910.
440-Yard Dash.....	54 seconds.....	George Wall...	Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1908.
880-Yard Run.....	2 min. $11^1/_5$ seconds.	Rufus Loveland	M. A. C. Interscholastic Meet—1910.
Mile Run.....	5 min. $2^4/_5$ seconds..	Allyn Roys.....	Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1908.
Two-mile Run.....	.....	Cleon Spangler.	U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1904.
220-Yard Low Hurdles	26 min. $^4/_5$ seconds..	F. W. Adams..	Arthur Hill Dual Meet—1903.
120-Yard High Hurdles	17 seconds.....	James Birss....	Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1907.
High Jump.....	5 feet 8½ inches.....	F. W. Adams..	U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1903.
Pole Vault.....	10 feet 3 inches.....	Wihtred Cook..	U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1910.
Broad Jump.....	20 feet 9 inches.....	Dewitt Cooper.	Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1910.
Shot Put.....	42 feet 7 inches.....	Henry Kanzler	U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1907.
Hammer Throw.....	121 feet.....	Earl Davis.....	Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1905.
Discus Throw.....	98 feet 7 inches.....	Robinson.....	Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1908.

Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Records.

EVENT	RECORD	BY WHOM HELD	SCHOOL
100-Yard Dash	10 seconds	Comstock	Alpena.
220-Yard Dash	23 seconds	Morrison	West Branch.
440-Yard Dash	54 seconds	Wall	Saginaw.
880-Yard Run	2 min. $10^2/_5$ seconds	Sheldon	West Branch.
Mile Run	4 min. 53 seconds	Sheldon	West Branch.
220-Yard Low Hurdles	$25^3/_5$ seconds	Smith	Bay City.
120-Yard High Hurdles	17 seconds	Birss	Saginaw.
High Jump	5 feet 6¾ inches	Davis	Saginaw.
Broad Jump	20 feet 9 inches	Cooper	Saginaw.
Pole Vault	10 feet 1 inch	Cook	Saginaw.
Shot Put	42 feet 2 inches	Quinn	Arthur Hill.
Hammer Throw	142 feet 8 inches	Fordney	Arthur Hill.
Discus Throw	101 feet 2 inches	Quinn	Arthur Hill.




Marion
Grandy

HUMOR

If you're roasted rather badly,
Just remember that you gladly
Read the jokes
On other folks.

—Comical Board.

"While I was in New York I went to se a rehearsal of 'Salome,'"
"Arent you ashamed of yourself?"
"Don't be alarmed. 'Twas a dress rehearsal."

"I'm awfully glad it's good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit."
"Why?'
"Because I never have my watch and dress suit at the same time.

Miss King—"Most birds eat insects and grain, can anyone tell me one exception.
Miss Walby—"The woodpecker. He eats holes in trees.

A PUZZLE.

A hen one day swallowed a $2,000 diamond rnig.
Puzzle—"What did the family have for dinner.

"The barber told me an interesting story as he shaved me today."
"Indeed."
"Yes; and also illustrated it with cuts."

If you were asked to disperse a mob, what would you do-"
"Pass around the hat."

Mr. Mitchell—"What is political economy?"
Sheriff—"Buying votes for less than I do."

George Bliss—"What a pretty little lady."
A twelve year old girl—"Sir, I"ll call a policeman if you annoy me further."

Conductor—"See here, young fellow don't pull that strap in the middle, you'll ring both bells."

Bliss going home—"I know that, I want both ends to stop."

"Is this a local option town."

"Yes it's optional with you whether you go to the grocery or the drug store."

Some birds are plucked alive to get the feather's for women's hats.

So are some husbands.

A wife after a divorce said to her husband:

"I am willing to let you have the baby half the time."

Good," said the man, "splendid."

"Yes," she went, "you can have it during the night."

HAIR.

If you have red hair and are dissatisfied with it's color, try to make light of it."

Dandruff can be effectively cured by holding the head under water for about thirty minutes.

To make your hair light, first rub coal oil well into the scalp and then apply a lighted match to it.

To prevent the hair from falling out it should be shaved off with a sharp razor. Hair never falls from a bald head.

Life insurance statistics would seem to indicate that men with dark hair are a safer risk than blonde men. Men with dark hair seldom dye.

Matrimony will some times cure baldness. We know of a baldheaded bachelor who contracted matrimony and about a year later he was blessed with two little heirs.

A fashion critic says that a woman in a tight dress on the street shows bad taste.

Most of them show bad form.

Dips—"Fat causes warmth, don't it, Fat?"

Fat Hughes—"Yes, especially when you have been training to get rid of some of it for six months, and you meet somebody who says, 'My! but you are getting fat.'"

Miss K.—"Is this your father's signature?"
Bid—"As close as I could come to it."

Wrigley Spearmint Gum Co.:

Gentlemen—Ihave chewed your gum for four years and it is as good today as the day I bought it. Yours truly,

CHARLES McLEOD.

Mr. Heagany—"Are you first in anything at school, Ray?"
Ray—"First out of the building when the bell rings."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lost: A handkerchief by a Freshman with money tied in a corner.

"We come," said the orator, "to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

There was a movement in the rear as a large fleshy gentleman pushed his way to the front, "One moment, Mark, this funeral shan't go on until underaker Claudius Eronicus joins the union."

Miss Brown—"You are not fit for decent company, Mr. Phoenix, come up here with me."

Mr. Wh-t-ey—"How many vacant hours have you, Mr. Nauer?"
Nauer—"Saturdays, Sundays and all holidays."

Franz (in mass meeting before Detroit game)—"Boys, if you go to that Detroit game you vill see von that you nefer saw before."

Miss K-ng (telling about chimpanzee in Zoology to bored class)—"Class, if you expect to learn anything about a chimpanzee, you must keep your eyes on me."

Lost: Near Room 7, a small watch containing Mr. Brucker's picture. Valuable only for contents. Please return to H. W.

She—"How dare you swear before me?"
He—"Well, how did I know you wanted to swear first."

HOW TO PUNISH A BAD BOY.

Throw him out of a forty-two story building window, one second later let fall a seventy-two ton safe from the same placé; pick up the pieces and send him home. If this does not have the desired effect, send him to Miss Lane for one-eighth hour and let her talk to him.

Wanted: Some more girls. Symons.

Miss Brown (in Geometry)—"You never will amount to anything, Mr. Phoenix."

Phoenix—"My! but you know how to flatter me."

Some one giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast. "You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Gordon?"

"No, ma'am," answered this wee Freshman, "I only wondered why he did not make it four times and get back to the side his clothes were on."

Mullholand (in Geometry)—"Were these problems to be done orally or mentally?"

Miss Roberts—"Is anyone absent? Speak up if you are."

Bright Freshie trying to inflect the verb supero, Latin IX—"Sup—sup—sup—!!!—."

Miss Lane—"I am positively certain that we can do very well without all that sup (soup), and seeing that it has not occurred to you as necessary to expend any study upon your lesson before coming to class, I will cordially invite you to a social order with me tonight after school, and while I am trying to impress upon you the error of your ways, we will converse upon the events of the morning."

FIVE YEARS FROM NOW.

Tracy's youngest (at seashore)—"Can't I have a ride on a donkey?"

Mother—"No, darling, father says not."

Small Billy—"Why can't I have a ride on a donkey, mother?"

Mother (to father)—"Oh, for goodness' sake, Ithamar, give him a ride on your back to keep him quiet."

A GOOD SET, VERY REASONABLE.

Jeff—"Do you know where I can get a good set of teeth, cheap ?"

Mutt—"Yes; go in some backyard and kick a strange dog in the slats."

Funny thing about Chinese, they are the only people in the world who have their head and tail on one end.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Jeff.—"What was your wife's name before you were married?"

Mutt—"Her name was Helen Summer and the same in winter.

HARD LUCK.

Mutt—"I have lost my wife."

Jeff—"How's that?"

Mutt—"Her husband came and got her."

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

Mutt—"You certainly were in a fine condition last night."

Jeff—"What did I do?"

Mutt—"Why you put your umbrella to bed and stood up in the sink all night."

MULHOLLAND.

All good boys love their sisters,
But so good have I grown,
That I love other boys' sisters
As well as my own.

FESLER AT THE JEFFERS.

"Mother, when are the Indians coming?"

"There are no Indians, dear."

"Well, then, who scalped all those men in the front row?"

Mabel—"Is my hat on straight?"

Gladys—"No; one eye shows."

BACHELORS' BUTTONS.

There was a man I used to know,
  Who went about in rags;
Because he knew not how to sew,
  His trousers looked like bags.
He used to put his buttons on
  In every sort of way;
He'd use the strongest sort of thread,
  And yet they would not stay.
One day a maiden, passing by,
  Took pity on his plight,
She laughed, and said, "You silly boy,
  You can do nothing right."
She sewed his buttons on with thread,
  And you may guess the rest;
For soon this happy pair had wed,
  And sailed off to the West.
So, girls, if you should chance to spy
  A shabby man in life,
You may well guess the reason why—
  That poor man needs a wife.
Just sympathise with human woes,
  And bring this poor man cheer;
By sewing buttons on his clothes,
  You'll win him, never fear.

March is full
  Of terrible gales—
Also full
  Of hosiery sales.

TAIT IS SOMEBODY WE ALL KONW.

There was a young fellow named Tait,
  Who dined with his girl at 8:08:
But I'd hate to relate
What that fellow named Tait,
  And his tete-a-tete ate at 8:08!

And just then the Glee Club sang, "Goodnight, A Fond Goodnight."

MR. CHAIRMAN: I SECOND THE MOTION.

There are meters of accent and meters of tone,
But the best of all meters, is to meet her alone.
There are letters of paper and letters of stone,
But the best of all letters, is to let her alone.

APPARENTLY POLITE.

I arose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat;
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

LEON CUNNINGHAM

WHAT IT MAY BE IN THE FUTURE.

Cunningham (at the door)—"Madame, I am a piano-tuner."
The lady—"I didn't send for a piano-tuner."
Cunningham—"I know you didn't, lady, the neighbors did."

You cannot eat a doughnut,
And eat a doughnut whole,
Unless you eat the doughnut,
And leave the doughnut hole.

As father was leaving the house Christmas morning he looked in vain for his umbrella.

"I spec' sister's beau took it last night," ventured six-year old Willie.

"Oh, you naughty boy," said sister Mable; "how can you say that?"

"Well, it's the truth," Willie insisted. "When he was saying good-night I heard him say, "I am going to steal just one."

WE QUESTIONED THAT APPLICANT FOR A POSITION AS LAUNDRESS.

"Are you married?"

"No, suh, I's a widdah."

"Ah, and your husband is dead?"

"Yassuh, he's sho daid."

"How did he meet his death?"

"Laws, man, he didn'd meet it. Dey had ter chase him two mile fo' dey all could catch him an' put de rope 'round his neck."

REPORTED FROM THE U. of M.

"Has anything been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy.

"No," replied the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological fields, "not if the pictures of her are correct."

The villain dragged the shrinking heroine down to the footlights and in her ear he histed, "Are we alone?"

"No, governor," interrupted the lone occupant of the gallery, "not tonight you aint; but you will be tomorrow night."

Pat, thinking to enliven the party, stated, "I'll presint a box of candy to the lady that makes the homliest face within the next three minutes."

The time expired, and Pat announced, "Ah, Mrs. McGuire, you get the prize."

"But," protested Mrs. McGuire, "go wey wid ye, I wasn't playing at all."

"And how many brothers and sisters have you?"

"'Taint no use askin' him, mister, he can't count past the 'leven."

KIT IS SURE TO BE WARM.

[Extract from the Saginaw Daily News, June 18, 1912.]

"Frank Spencer of this city was arrested in Lansing on order of the sheriff on a charge of larceny. Spencer, and a man named Rieder of St. Charles, are charged with stealing a quantity of furs to the amount of $50.00.

HE'LL KNOW BETTER WHEN HE GETS TO BE A SENIOR.

Milton and his best girl were seated in a buggy one evening watching the people pass. Presently Inez remarked, "My! that popcorn smells good."

"That's right," said Milt., "I'll drive up a little closer so that you can smell it better."

HOW'S THIS?

Miss O'Brien was dictating a letter to the class. "Tell Mr. So-and-So," she said, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked Margaret Shaughnessy.

"Sc, Sc-er-er-er—,tell him I'll meet him in Albany."

JAMIESON LOOKING FOR A JOB.

Tightwad—"Yes, I want a chauffeur. What do you expect a week?"

Chauffeur—"Fifty dollars."

Tightwad—"Fifty dollars! Say, make it seventy and I'll come and work for you."

Mrs. Eastside—"You'll not find me difficult to suit, Norah."

Norah (the new maid)—"I'm sure not, ma'am; I saw your husband as I came in, ma'am."

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor;
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker."

Shun liquors.
Dare to go forward.
Never be discouraged.
Never tell business lies.
Be polite to everybody.
Employ your time well.
Be prompt in everything.
Pay your debts promptly.
Bear all troubles patiently.
Do not reckon upon chance.
Make no useless acquaintances.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Don't have too many irons in the fire.
Never appear something more than you are.
Take time to consider and then decide positively.
Carefully examine every detail of your business.
Always keep a bottle of Green's August Flower and Bohee's German Syrup within easy reach at home.

Deacon Goodleigh—"Don't you know it is wrong to swear that way, little boy?"

Tommy Tuffnut—"Well, dat's de only way I know, but if youse kin gimme a few pointers, I'll be much obliged."

Operator—"What do you think of the new man, Jimmie?"

Devil—"Say, dat feller could print all he knows in display type on a postage stamp without cancelling the stamp."

She (as they encounter a vicious bulldog)—"Go on, Percy, you know you said you would face death for me."

He—"But he isn't dead."

"Doctor," said the beautiful young woman who became the wife of a rich old man, "tell me the worst, I will be brave and try to bear it."

Leading her gently from her suffering husband's side the doctor answered: "Nerve yourself, then, for a terrible shock. He's going to get well."

The pastor called, and with Mrs. Smith was having a very edifying talk, when all of a sudden a strange noise interrupted them.

Says Mr. Venerable, "Why, Mrs. Smith, do you keep a goat? They are very useful as well as docile animals. I have often—"

There's no knowing to what length the old gentleman would have gone if Mrs. S. had not interrupted with the information that she did not keep a goat. What he heard was her daughter practicing the scales.

No matter how wretched we are, we hold that our lot is not a bad one, and we pity someone worse off. In a storm at sea one night, two sailors, their clothing frozen to their bodies, hung to a rope as the waves dashed over them.

"I say, Bill," says one.

"What is it, mate?" says the other.

"Think of the poor fellers caught at a picnic in such weather as this."

At Lamba Sigma party during intermission:

James O'Donnel got a shave

Fat Hughes changed his collar, necktie, hose and underwear.

Bliss grew an inch.

Eastman didn't smoke.

Elberts lost a dollar? ? ?

Hanaford got married.

Enough.

Mr. Whitney—"Chlorine is a very active substance. It will not only attack us but also germs."

Scherping—"Will it attack Germans?"

Wineke (in woodwork)—"Of all the saws I ever saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws."

Mr. M.—"What useful article do we get from codfish?"

John—"Codliver oil."

Mr. M.—"Very good, now what do we get from the seal?"

John—"Sealing wax."

Mildred Harris (at the ice plant)—"Is that pneumonia in those pipes?"

Nettie Gorman—"I am just trying to figure out what kind of a cloud that is going by."

Mr. Tanis—"That one going so fast? That is smoke."

Forsythe—"After you heat a piece of steel it loses its temper."

Doc.—"I don't like your heart action," said doctor applying stethoscope, "you have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

McLoud—"You're partly right, doc., only that aint her name."

Wagner—"Say, Walt., what is 'When shall we three meet again?' taken from?"

Burdick—"A postcard with two donkeys on it."

He who would rise with the sun must not stay up late with the daughters.

KATTIE.

Dutch (in Chemistry)—"Bromine is prepared by taking the brine from a salt well and electrocuting it."

"Why is a slippery sidewalk like music?"

"If you don't C# you will Bb.

Kattie—"Say, Bill, why is your straw hat like a kiss over the telephone?"

Bill—"I don't get it."

Kattie—"Because it isn't felt."

Bill had a billboard; Bill had a board-bill. Bill took his billboard to pay his board-bill, and Bill's board-bill no longer bored Bill.

STECKERT.

Who iss it ven I'm faint und sick,
Rescues me from mine illness quick,
Und makes me feel so fine und slick?
"Der Bizmark."
Who iss it ven I'm cross und glum
Und vish der end of life might come,
Of vat iss it, I vish for some?
"Der Bizmark."
Und so till I am old und gray,
I'll ne'er forget him ven I pray,
I'll luf him madly all der day,
"Der Bizmark."
Yours truly
BONDY, HAGUE, DIPSES, BEN, BILL, ETC.

When the parade passed the High School.

Fat—"Say, Harry, did you hear that Indian shout 'Whow-s-yum-yum,' at me?"

Forsythe—"I guess I did. You had better stand back they are afraid of you."

Mr. Tanis—"The moon rises 52 minutes later every day making a complete revolution in 28 days, which is called a lunar month."

Miss Whatley (sighing)—"Well, Mr. Tanis, some nights the moon doesn't rise at all."

AFTER THANKSGIVING.

Eager Freshman—"I am sorry I can't, Professor, but I really couldn't get back in time. I was detained on important business."

Prof.—"So you wanted two more days of grace, did you?"

Fresh. (off his guard, excited)—"No, sir; of Laura."

Mr. Whitney—"Mr. Braun what did you see in this set of problems?"

Braun—"My finish."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

I asked a Kentucky Colonel if there was any cure besides whisky for snake bites.

"Who cares whether there is or not," replied the Colonel.

Mr. Tanis—"What you call a mean conductor ?"
Bliss—"One who would not give you a transfer."

HIGHER EDUCATION.

Teacher—"I suppose you have been through Hamlet?"
Jamieson—"Oh, yes, but I went through at night."

YELLOW JOURNALISM:

HUNDRED STUDENTS BURIED
their hopes for High School football.

CHEMISTRY TEACHER CRUSHED
a bubble in his hand.

GLEE CLUB MURDERED
a song in assembly hall.

S. H. S. STUDENTS DROWNED
the speaker's voice with applause.

ZOOLOGY PUPILS KILLED
a roach to dissect in laboratory.

BASKET-BALL TEAM BURNED
with desire for interscholastic championship.

JANITORS ALL FIRED
with indignation over paper wads on the floor.

WE WONDER WHEN?

Elbert will stop growing?
Tracey and Hinkley will get married ?
The girls tried the fire escape?
Draper and Jamieson will graduate?
Brucker will be President of the U. S. ?
Those tennis courts will be in shape?
Vorwerck will get a hair cut?

AWFUL STRAIN.

Bill—"Are you working very hard these days, Hank ?"
Hannon—"Oh, yes—yes, I am coloring a meerschaum pipe, you know."

"My word, Mildred, would you rather have an elephant kill you or a gorilla?"
"Tush, Margareta, rather have him kill the gorilla."

Stanick (reciting in Eng. XII)—"Samuel Johnson married a lady who was old enough to be his father."

ELSIE KOCH

THE GRADUATION EXERCISES PROGRAM, CLASS OF 1913.

1. Overture—"Hot time in the old town tonight."
2. Music by Glee Club—"The hour that gave me thee." (Horrors.)
3. Remarks by W. W. Warner—"Our good looking faculty."
4. Music by ("D") Amphion Club—"Don't take me home."
5. Remarks by Rudolph Guder—"Jokes and how they should be sprung."
6. Remarks by Franz Dreier—"A physiological survey of our future psychic phenomenon."
7. Acceptance by Pres. Steckert.
8. Distribution of diplomas by Janitor Dunn.

A is for Allen Vera, you know,
With whom our Elsie always did go.
B is for Buck, a girl of great renown,
Whose basket-ball playing is best in this town.
C is for Cunningham, in song and in play,
Caruso's his idol by night and by day.
D is for Duryea, with dark brown eyes,
For her great wisdom may she always take the prize.

ERNEST ELBERTS

E is for Elberts, too thin you see,
Whom at a distance you'd take for a tree.
F is for Forsyethe, not Kubelik's brother,
But some day we hope he may be another.
G is for Grandy, sweet and demure,
A very great artist I am sure.
H is for Hunter and Heagany, you know,
Whose mouths at study hour always did go.
I is for Inez, with Milton she goes;
But couldn't she have Franz Otto if she chose?
J is for Jaeger, the friend of the boys;

HAROLD FORSYTHE, [JAN KUBELIK]

She's quite congenial 'till someone annoys.
K for Kelly, with her locks of brown,
Upon whom Mr. Guder always did frown (?).
L is for Lucy, quite brilliant (?) in French;
But how 'bout the one who sits on the next bench?
Maloney and Martin always are talking,
But soon to the office we'll see them walking.
N is for Nauer, who ne'er had a girl;
If one took a glance his head would soon whirl.
O is for Oppermann, Helen, I mean,
She that is better known as our "dancing queen."
P is for Patterson, a scholar bright,
I fear she studies history day and night.

Q is for a quandary which you must be in;
But just one second more and I'll have finished this spin.
R for the Ruths, both scholars and bright,
One studies in the daytime, the other all night.
S is for Spencer, that fair-faced lad,
Never in basket-ball was he known to get mad (?).
T is for Trinklein, a man of great brain,
To whom this theme applies, "Come in out of the rain."
Ulrich, a maiden, placid and serene,
Was never known to think anyone mean.
V is for Vorwerck, with a great name,
A man of great parts; an orator, tame.
W for Westhoff, Helen, I ween,
O'er our President's heart she doth reign supreme.
Xquisite "pome," in truth you will say,
The best of the rhyme is the last of the lay.
Y is for "Youthfulness," Frieda, we mean,
Tho' not very tall, never fails to be seen.
Zwerk is a girl so modest you know,
Altho' it's leap year, many a chance she's let go.

Spenser—"Mr. Whitney, is phosphorous necessary for all matches?"
Whitney—"No; not all."
Spenser—"I wonder if Winston had any."

An Irishman was walking along by a golf links and was suddenly struck between the shoulders by a golf ball. The player hurried up, saying: "Are you hurt? Why didn't you get out of the way?"

"And why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "How did I know there were murderers around her?"

"But I called 'fore,'" said the player, "and when I say 'fore' that is a signal for you to get out of the way."

"Oh, it is, is it?—well, thin, whin I say 'foive,' it is a sign you're going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive!'"

What is it that the man who makes it doesn't want it, the man who buys it doesn't need it, the man who gets it doesn't know it?

Why, a coffin, of course.

ONE WEEK.

The year had gloomingly begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's
Sun.
He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little
Mon.
"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and
Tues.
A bright thought struck him, and he said:
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will
Wed.
But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,
Thur."
"Alas!" said he, "then I must die;
Although hereafter I may
Fri."
They found his gloves, and coat, and hat,
The coroner upon them
Sat.

Seely—"I tried to teach Esther to play billiards last night. She's the shyest girl I ever saw."

Ernie—"How shy, for instance?"

Seely—"Why, she blushed every time the balls kissed each other."

Teacher—"One beautiful autumn day, Little Red Riding Hood was walking along a path in the woods, when she came to a sharp turn; and whom do you think she saw standing there with a row of shining white teeth gleaming at her?"

Up went a little hand.

Teacher—"Who was it, Willie?"

Willie—"Teddy Roosevelt."

Phoenix—"What do you suppose they say Washington, D. C., for?"

Nauer—"Dun know, unless it is Washington Down South."

Jack Montgomery—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Spencer—"Phwat? Run away and never come back again? You stand here and I'll run after your hat."

A couple of drummers, having a few hours' lay-over in a small town, decided to dine at the village hotel. On looking over the bill of fare they noted that young "fry" were "special" for that meal, so one of the men turned to the pretty little waitress and asked:

"How's the chicken?"

The young lady blushed, then answered, "Oh, I'm all right. How are you?"

Miss Brown—"All girls who go to chapel Monday will please sit on the main floor."

MUSIC.

"Everybody's doing it," for credit.

"Alexander's rag-time band," ages for Freshmen.

"Oh, you beautiful doll"ar, for fines.

"The pink lady," for Lydia Pinkham.

"The flirting princess," for Hannon.

"Doctor De Luxe," for rheumatism.

"Girl of my dreams," for instance.

The midnight sons of V. D.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," for ten cents.

Nuff sed without sense.

One man will like his cigarette,
  Another enjoys his cigar.
But the only thing that keeps Cliff alive
  Is his little chunk of star.

GOT THERE FIRST.

A veterinary advised a man who had a sick cow to put the medicine in an iron tube, put the tube in the cow's mouth and blow the medicine down her throat.

The next day he was called in to see the man, who was quite sick.

"What happened?" inquired the horse doctor.

"The cow blew first," replied the man. The advantage is always with those taking initial, decisive action.

LOVE BY LANTERN LIGHT.

A Kansas farmer returning home late at night, saw a light moving about the farmyard. When he investigated he found a neighbor's farmhand carrying a lantern.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the farmer.

"Courtin', sir."

"Courtin'? Courtin' with a lantern? Huh, you fool, I never used a lantern when I went courtin'!"

"No, sir," replied the farmhand as he moved off, "we can all see you didn't."

Helen—"I am trying to get ahead."

Ruth—"Well, I hope you succeed, for you need one."

Vot goes arount mit morbid frown?
Vot tinks she is der best in town?
Vot really acts schust like a clown?
Der Senior von 1912

Conductor—"Your fare, miss."

Mildred Harris—"Really, do you think so?"

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"

Second Flea—"No; been on a tramp for a month."

Teacher—"All of you who never told a lie, raise your hands."

"Please, sir," piped David, "is it a lie if nobody finds it out?"

A Chink by the name of Hing Ling
Fell off a car. Bing! Bing!
The con. looked his way,
And to a passenger did say,
The car's lost a washer. Ding. Ding!

Hamlet's mother married before the funeral baked beans were cold.

SENIORS.

The most cheerful author—Schmidt.
The noisiest—Wallace.
The tallest—Elberts.
The most flowery—Tracy.
The holiest—McLeod.
The happiest—Chandler.
The most amusing--Trinklein.
The most fiery—Burns.
The most talkative—Whatley.
The most idle—Brucker.

One on a lark: Feathers.

A STUNNER.

Willie—"Pa!"
Pa—"Yes."
Willie—"Teacher says we're here to help others."
Pa—"Of course we are."
Willie—"Well, what are the others here for?"

"I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours."
"Really. you don't mean it. Where did you fall?"
"I fell asleep."

Judge—"What's your name?"
Swede—"Jan Olsen."
Judge—"Married?"
Swede—"Ja, ay ban married."
Judge—"Who'd you marry?"
Swede—"Ay marry a woman."
Judge—"Well, you fool, did you ever hear of anybody who didn't marry a woman?"
Swede—"Ja, my seester, she marry a man."

GOOD IDEA.

He—"I haven't the cheek to kiss you."
She—"Use mine."

OUR TEACHERS' IDEAS AND IDEALS.

Mr. Mitchell—To relent is a dangerous act.

Miss Denfeld—"Beware the Ides," your marks.

Mr. Tanis—To be human and yet teach physics.

Miss Swinton—To be a sociable instructor.

Mr. Guder—A native accent cannot be equalled.

Miss Zahner—I hardly think my disposition can be at fault.

Mr. Wienke—I know what boys are; I have one myself.

Mr. Judd—Oh! for an inspiration!

Mr. Tippey—One may be an artist without being a painter.

Miss King—Square roots nor Latin roots do not appeal to me. Give me real ones.

Miss Merrill—I think it quite unnecessary to frighten poor weak Freshmen.

Miss Gingles—To never rave over anything.

Miss O'Brien—The Blarney stone may be very nice, but I'll have none of it.

Mr. Whitney—Never to achieve that quality called "grouch."

Miss Roberts—To some day be an artist.

Mrs. Wilson—Genius has a separate berth from achievement.

Miss Smith—They can't live without me—so much for a cook.

Miss Moiles—To dance the "Boston" gracefully.

Miss Gipe—"Gym" is a friend of mine.

Mr. Dreier—Ach Himmel! I can't see the reason why boys was made so much like boys.

Mr. Purdy—The science of penmanship is deeper than some may realize.

Miss Hermann—Were eighth hours really invented for use ?

Miss Lane—Yes, indeed, they are a blessing.

Miss Chase—It takes a diplomat to govern Sophs.

Miss Brown—To use my conscience always on urgent occasions.

Miss Kitchen—Sympathy with human nature is the true road to friendship.

Miss Wilson—In reality I am harmless.

Miss Levinsohn—Never to interrupt a pleasant conversation.

Miss Blanchard—There is great expression in the gentle movement of the eyebrows.

Miss Christopher—Sophomores have just reached that stage in mental development where they are neither stupid nor wise.

Miss Douglas—Modesty speaks for itself.

Miss Steinbach—To some day be a Melba.

Miss Weber—In order to drill Algebra successfully into Freshmen one must have a sturdy constitution.

Miss Barnard—To squeeze the truth out of Freshmen.

Miss Burnham—Experience only prepares one for teaching.

Mr. Carrier—Be a friend of everybody.

Mr. Warner—Co-operation is the ball-bearings and axle grease in the wheels of our High School.

There are many pretty sights to see
And ways to walk for he and she,
But the sign that most appeals to me
Is: All Invited, Admission Free.—Jamieson.

HOW SWEET.

"Do tell Harold what you would do on a sugar plantation."

"Waise Cain, Bobby, waise Cain."

TOUGH OUTLOOK.

H. List—"When I leave school I shall have to depend upon my brains for a living."

E. Coke—"Oh, Herby, don't take such a pessimistic view of things."

ON THE SEA WALL.

They were sitting side by side;
He sighed, and she sighed;
Said he, "My dearest idol!"
He idled, and she idled;
"On my soul there's such a weight;"
He waited, and she waited;
"I'd ask you your hand, so bold I've grown;"
He groaned, and she groaned;
"You shall have your private gig;"
He giggled, and she giggled;
Said she. "My dearest Luke;"
He looked, and she looked.
"I'll have thee if thou wilt;"
He wilted, and she wilted.

THE SYMPTOM.

Mr.T.—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can?"

Wilbur—"He gets cold feet."

HELEN WESTHOFF IN CHAPEL

Brucker—"I once proposed to a girl in a conservatory."

Helen—"With what result?"

Brucker—"A lot of the expensive plants were nipped by the frost."

Freshie—"When is a joke not a joke?"

Senior—"Usually."

If a body sees a body
  Thinking on a quiz,
If a body help that body,
  Is it teacher's biz?

Vorwerck—"I want some Talcum powder."

Druggist—"Mennen's?"

Vorwerck—"No, vimmen's."

Druggist—"Do you want it scented?"

Vorwerck—"No; I will take it mit me."

Dizzy whirl,
Pretty girl,
Music playing;
She is saying,
With a twinkle in her eye,
How she loves a football game.
So do I!
Glad she came.

Game begun,
Everyone
Cheering, glaring,
Cursing, swearing;
Rather wish she wasn't there.
Did she say she'd rather not
Hear me swear?
I forgot!

Game is done,
We have won,
Most entrancing,
Serpent dancing;
I rush down with sudden cry,
To the field's mad jubilee.
Here am I!
Where is she?

Don't study when you're tired,
Or have anything else to do.
Don't study when you're happy,
For that would make you blue.
Don't study in the daytime,
And don't study in the night;
But study at all other times
With all your main and might.

BOARDING.

One Fresh.—"I had an egg this morning for breakfast."
One not Fresh.—"So'd I, mine was a bird."

A STRATEGIC MOVE.

A little boy was sitting behind a bald-headed man at church, who was scratching the fringe of hair on one side of his bald pate. The old gentleman kept it up so long that at last the little boy became interested, and, leaning over, said: "Say, mister, you'll never catch him there. Why don't you run him out in the open?"

A very pretty, winsome maid
Whose beauty is of highest grade,
Now soon will leave us for far to roam,
For with Winston she's won a home.

My love is all the world to me,
  A lovely world I've found for her;
My arms are her defense, and I
  Would keep defense around her.—McLeod.

CAUSE.

Ray—"Funny isn't it that most girls close their eyes when you kiss them?"
Bondy—"Well, do you blame them?"

FICTION.

Young Joy—"Why do fairy stories end, 'They were married and lived happy ever after'?"
Old Gloom—"Why because they are fairy stories."

Miss B.—"Bessie, please place these chairs around the room."
Bessie—"Shall I place them around promiscuously?"
Miss B.—"Yes."

BUT—.

Carroll—"Yes, I came down to the big game and so I dropped in for a 'kiss and a cup of tea,' as they say."
Bily—"Awful glad you did. Ah-h, the tea isn't quite ready yet."

Forsythe (in his den)—"My great-grandfather carried that drum all thru the Revolution."
Fat—"And whenever he sighted the enemy he beat it, I suppose."

WHY HE WAS LATE.

"What made you so late?"

"I met Smithson."

"Well, that is no reason why you should be an hour late in getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and he insisted on telling me about his stomach trouble."

"Did you tell him to take Chamberlain's Tablets?"

"Sure, that is what he needs." Sold by all dealers.

Curses! ! !

Leon is a cunning ham.

If Meta and Blanche should start farming, could they grow kerns?

To be or not to be,
That is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
To be a Senior or a Freshman.

Mr. T.—"Forsythe, describe a swell."

Forsythe (hesitating)—"Where do you mean, along the beach?"

T.—"Well, there are lots along the beach, but one of the others will do."

If Carnegie left Stockwell a million, would Vorwerck any more?

LOGIC.

Nettie Gorman—"Why did you put the temperature down so low for?"

T.—"It got cold."

I give to you a violet
In token that I am glad we met;
I hope we may already yet,
Once more again together get.

R. H.

ITHAMAR TRACY, "ONE STEP MORE"

If Miss Hinkley should choose another would Ithamar the lucky one or would Tracy his finish calmly?

Hughes—"Mr. Guder, can I take a pencil?"
Guder—"Sure, if you get a chance."

Forsythe (in rhetorics)—"Our program for today is a Dickens (of a) program."

Draper (chemistry XI) reading—"One [Kg.] keg of sodium sulphate.

Miss B. (Eng. XI)—"Miss Craig, give your topic on the House of Lords."
Miss C.—"I gave that spiel yesterday."
Miss B.—"This is no Greek class, Miss Craig."

12:15. "Say, Officer, how far is it to the next lamp post?"
Husband—"Hurrah! At last I know where to find that collar button."
Wife—"Where?"
Husband—"Baby swallowed it."

"Here is where I lose ground!" said the tramp as he slid into the bathtub.

Unto the maiden of my heart
By mail I did propose,
Then waited for what might turn up;
Alas! It was her nose.

CLARENCE.

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts, alack.
I think I'll go again tonight
And put the blame thing back.

"Did you hear about Bill's watch?"
"Pawned?"
"No; there's a woman in the case."

NO PREJUDICE.

A Bridgeport farmer and his chum came to Saginaw to see an all-star-cast production of "Othello." When the play was over neither of the men said anything of consequence until they got off the car at Bridgeport, when one of the farmers turned to the other and remarked: "Heb, do ye know, that nigger held up his end about as well as any of 'em."

SIC TRANSIT.

A green little Freshman in a green little way,
Drank a green Creme de Menthe five or six times a day.
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave,
Over the green little Freshman's green little grave.

THE LATEST VERSION.

Where was Moses when the light went out?
Why, in a secluded corner with an armful of waist.

A MATH. SHARK.

First Actorine—"Do you know the manager chose forty girls for the chorus in two hours?"

Second Actorine—"He's certainly quick at figures."

Mutt—"Why Jeff, I hope I don't see you intoxicated?"

Jeff—"Well, I hope I haven't spent four an' a half f' nothing."

Jeff—"I was walking along a country road the other day and a bee lit on my hip."

Mutt—"Did he hurt you when he lit?"

Jeff—"No, he didn't hurt when he lit, but oh, Mutt—when he sat down.

Miss Blanchard—"Mr. Draper, who guarded the gates of Hades?"

Dipes—"I didn't notice."

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN.

"May I kiss you my dear?"
Said Roderick Dhew.
"It's a serious question
I'm asking you."
Before he got through,
With her head on one side,
"Why Roderick Dhew!"
The maid replied.
(L'envoy) And Roderick Ddid!—Ex.

HISTORY.

Miss Herman—"Mary Queen of Scots gathered up her supporters and rushed through the country!!"

A SAMPLE.

Miss Barnard:—

Please excuse Billie because he fell in a mud puddle. Hoping you will do the same,

I am respectfully,

Mrs. R.

Fond Parent—"I hear that the faculty are delighted over your work."
Elberts—"Oh yes, they encored my senior year."

Miss Kitchen—"What happened in 1797."
I. Tracy—"War of 1812."

"Well, Bill, wat's the matter? You're lookin' worried."
"Work, work, nothin' but work from mornin' till night."
"How long have you been at it?"
"I begin tomorrow."—Ex.

CHARLIE'S AMBITION.

1912—"Say Charlie what's the height of your ambition?
Charlie—"Well, I don't know exactly, but she comes up to my shoulders."

HAD IT ON HIM.

First Tramp—"Aw, yer ain't got nothing on him:"
Second Tramp—"Don't yer believe it: he's wearin' me shirts now."

FAMILY SECRETS.

A little girl went to the drug store for some pills:—
"Anti-Bilious"—asked the clerk.
No, sir—"It's my uncle," replied the girl.

STRONGER.

A student at college was sent for by the Dean who said:—

"Sir, I am told you have a barrel of beer in your room, which is contrary to all orders."

Student—"Well sir, I guess that is true, but the doctor told me that if I drank beer I should get stronger."

Dean—"Well, are you stronger?"

Student—"Yes, sir:—indeed I am, for when the barrel came in I could scarcely move it and now I can roll it all around the room."

1911---Chronicles---1912

September 5—School opens; large attendance.

September 6—Captain Heagany sends out call for football candidates.

September 7—Freshies miss their nurses. Heagany injured.

September 12—Mr. Warner introduces the new idea of welcoming the Freshmen. Hail! McPeak!

September 18—Seniors nobly sacrifice chapel to lead the young ones of the school into the right paths of study. Each Freshman now has a senior counsellor. The cause of all evil is removed.

September 20—Lyceum holds special meeting. Combs and Loveland resign. List elected editor of the Student Lantern.

September 20—Fire drill. Freshmen excited but manage to find their way out. Elberts assists Professor Guder.

September 22—Meeting of societies to discuss the order of the School Board about changing the constitution governing the election of new members.

September 23—Frank Spencer appointed Business Manager of the Student Lantern.

October 2—"Lil" Lyman was absent. Ask him—"there's a reason."

October 3—Harold Forsythe gave an excellent exhibition of good violin playing in chapel. Melville Brooks, president of the Alumni association, gave a history of Alumni Field. The "champagne" was opened and everybody got the "spirits."

October 7—Saginaw vs. West Bay City. Cause: Football. Result: Saginaw 16; West Bay City 10. Ask Miss Brown.

October 10—Mr. Ard. Richardson favored us with a talk on Alumni Field and its possibilities.

October 11—The standing of the classes in Alumni Field ticket sale was as follows: Seniors, $47; Juniors, $34; Sophs., $34. Freshmen, $16.50.

October 13—Mass meeting. Reasons: 1. To give "Judge" Davis a chance to enlarge upon the glorious setting sun. 2. To arouse enthusiasm for the Detroit Central game. Result: Speeches by Elberts, Davis, Dreier (ladies and boys), Baskins, Gorman and Principal Warner.

October 14—Auto parade passed thru the main streets of the city. A few went to Bay City? Sophs win by two—Seniors, $131.25; Juniors, $206; Sophs, $208; Freshmen, $126.

October 28—Glee Club election.

October 31—Leon Cunningham sang a fine solo in chapel.

November 2, 3—Teachers' vacation.

November 8—Juniors elect. President, Stanley Beach; Vice-President, M. Brown; Secretary, Howard Lee; Treasurer, Fern Smith.

November 13—Taft and Roosevelt obtained instruction from Senior class meeting. No Prohibition Party. No election.

November 14—In chapel Mr. Warner gave a talk on "The Price of Liberty."

November 15—After a day of rest it changed to a whole note and Brucker was elected President of the Senior class. Taft and Roosevelt not being able to attend the meeting.

"The girls, after school,
Held a meeting for to fool,
And the boys to try and rule."

November 16—Sophs get the habit. President, Otto Wolf; Vice-President, Anna Roth; Secretary, Earl Raymond.

November 22—Senior class meeting. Miss Florence Veitengruber is elected treasurer.

December 12—List's birthday celebrated in chapel.

December 15—A few hundred hours were lost today; if found return to their owners.

December 19—Amphion and Glee Clubs furnish music in chapel.

December 20—Freshmen elected for president, Don Magee, a man of high ideals.

January 1—Many resolutions made.

January 2—Many resolutions are broken.

January 3—"No more pool rooms for High School students." This was taken from Bishop's diary intact.

January 5—Norman Hackett gave a talk in chapel.

January 15—Senior class meeting. Cause: Senior dance. Result: President and vice-president decide to have a dance February 16.

January 24—Semester examinations are over.

January 24—Rest for all.

February 1—Mass meeting to raise a little spirit for the Bay City game.

February 7—Lecture to upper classmen.

February 12—Senior class meeting. Cause: Valedictorian. Result: J. Rudolph List.

February 16—Senior Dance.

March 5—Adam Fox won Declamation contest.

March 13—Meeting of Tennis Club held in chapel. All future meetings will be held in the Auditorium, corner Janes and Washington.

March 15—Snow storm. Glee Club had rehearsal. A few pictures were passed by the board of censorship.

March 25—"Spring" vacation. Don't tell anyone.

April 8—Boys tried fire escape. Why boys alone?

April 9—Fire drill interrupts Mr. Warner's talk.

April 15—Seniors held class meeting and decided to send William Wallace, who had an operation, some flowers. Carried. Who would dare oppose such a measure? Orders were taken for leather-bound Auroras. The student who wanted to know if they were bound in Morocco or Russian was ejected from the meeting and the president explained they were bound in Saginaw.

April 15—Mr. Mitchell assumes the management of the school since Mr. Warner is taking a vacation.

April 16—Rev. T. E. Swan led the school in devotional exercises. Oratorical contest was held. Wilber Brucker, president of the Senior class, and Ithamar Tracy, were the speakers. Both speeches were effective and the students looked for the decision as if a national lection. Tracy won the contest. Glee Club, 7:30. Moving picture show, 8:30. A little advertising, 9:00. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

April 17—Faculty party assumes definite proportions.

April 18—Paul Revere's ride to Lexington, 1775.

April 22—Senior Play rehearsal. Card game behind scenes. Miss K. takes a hand.

May 2—Last rehearsal for Senior Play.

May 3—"A Count of No Account."

May 7—Class meeting. $200 profits.

May 12—Rev. H. R. Spence is invited to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon.

May 15—Class Motto decided on. Student Lantern meeting. A little debate is held.

May 16—Glee Club elects officers for next year.

May 24—Saginaw is not dry yet.

May 23 — Several teachers do resign,
To try and see what they can find.

May 25—The "Aurora" has a pressing engagement.

June 1—Is when the Juniors give "Mischianza."

June 7—Is Jim's exhibition.

June 16—Is when we hear our Baccalaureate.

June 18—Class Day.

June 20—"Good night."

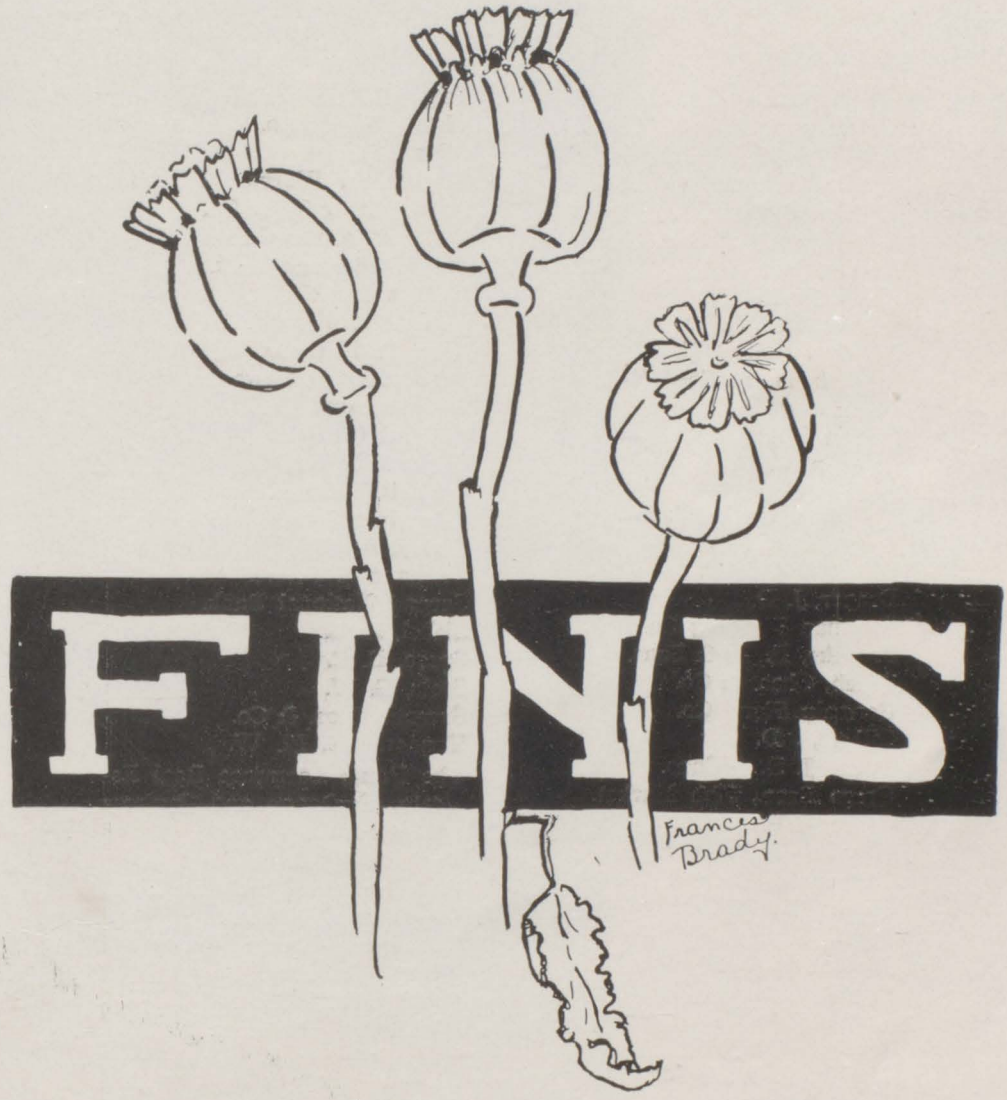
June 10 — Wanted — Some credit in "outside painting."

Explanation.

The occupation of Herbert List in Milwaukee, as unfolded in the Prophecy, is due to the Editor's pipe-dream.

Lionel Merrill, a former class-mate of ours, helped in the making of his class "Aurora" by having all the pictures pass under his supervision. Although not to graduate as one of us, yet he showed himself loyal to the Gold and Blue by many favors.

THE EDITOR.


FINIS
Frances Brady.

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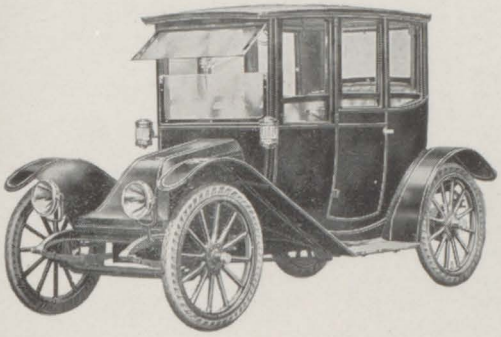

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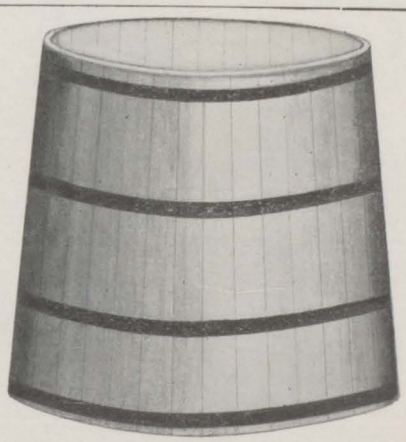

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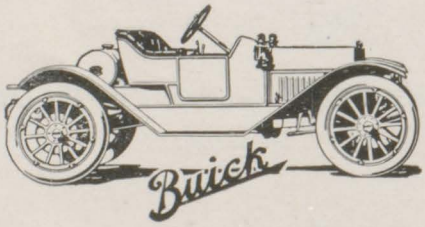

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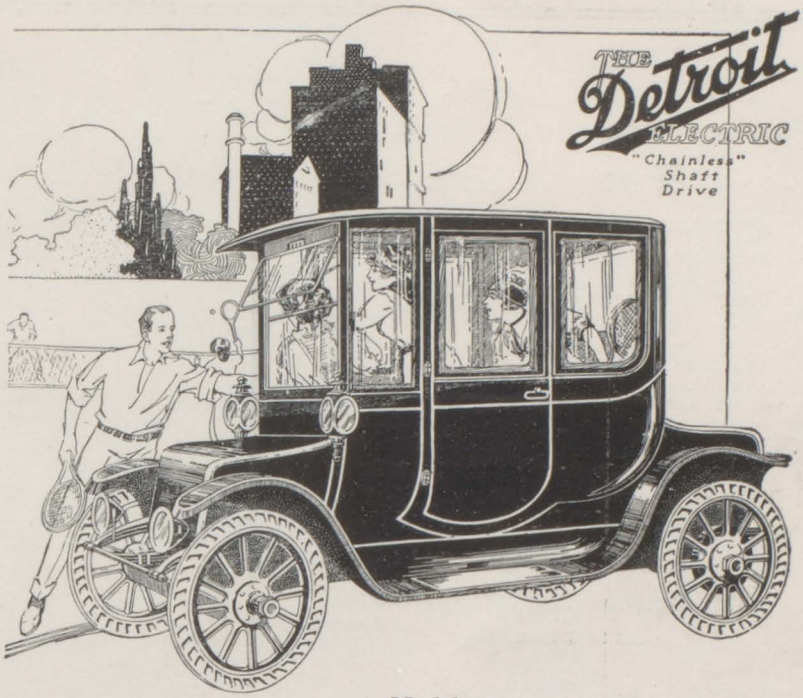

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